JOHN BULL, week ending March 4, 1944

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXV. 1968

3D EVERY THURSDAY

TWO BIG JOBS by the EDITOR

"BULLETS" CASH SOARS TO OVER £250

THE FREEDOM OF THE AIR By A.G.G.

STORY OF A "CLIPPIE"

YES, IT'S A GOOD JOB, BUS CONDUCTING BUT HOUSEWORK'S MY PROBLEM! I SPENT SUNDAY MORNING BOILING THE WASHING
WHY ON EARTH DO YOU BOIL IT?
TO GET IT CLEAN, OF COURSE
NONSENSE! YOU CAN SOAK CLOTHES CLEAN WITH RINSO. I'LL SHOW YOU NEXT WEEK
(NEXT WEEK)
LOOK— POP THEM INTO RINSO SUDS— A 10-MINUTE SOAK, A WASH-THROUGH AND RINSE
BUT THEY'RE WONDERFUL! I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT!
SORRY! FULL RIGHT UP!
(THINKS) IT'S A GRAND CHANGE TO FEEL SO FIT AFTER DOING A BIG WASH!
RINSO

Rinso is a lic. I soap powder. 3½d. packet, one coupon: 7d. packet, two coupons

B 3197-414

R. S. Hudson Limited

by

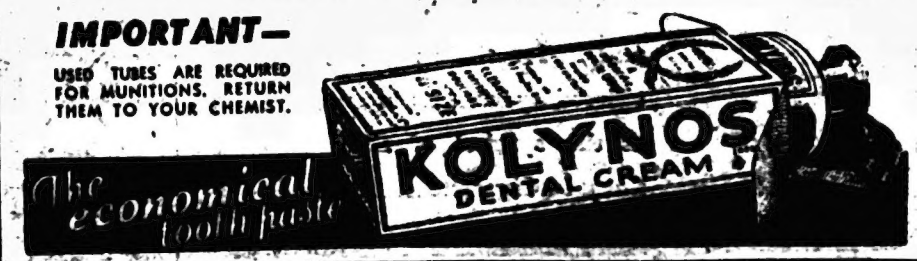
KOLYNOS! of course

Aptly described as an Empire Arsenal and an Empire Larder, Canada has also played the rôle of fairy godmother to many children evacuated from their homes in Gt. Britain. We may be quite sure that in acquiring new habits they will be encouraged to develop those instilled by their parents; washing behind the ears, for example, and cleaning their teeth night and morning—with KOLYNOS.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT—

USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS. RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.



How young Johnny's shoes were saved!

Johnny's shoes were such a problem,
Boys will never play sedately,
Johnny wore them through in no time,
Johnny's Ma was worried greatly;
Then his Ma, inspired, decided
Goodyear Soles and Heels for John!
Now his shoes last so much longer
Since he's had his Goodyear's on!

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them — it's so well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. Remember, ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

GOODYEAR

SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

The familiar Lifebuoy and Sailor trade mark is considered by smokers everywhere as the symbol of all that is finest in Cigarette manufacture.

M.C.C. 359C

On Active Service

Electricity equips the fighting forces

When that need is past, Electricity will add light and comfort to the homes of the men and women returning from the forces and the factories. MEANWHILE, WE MUST SAVE FUEL!

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

APPLY SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

Children need a satisfying drink at meal-time

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all. But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way sugar does); and iron to tone up the blood. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your family's meal-time drink from now on.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

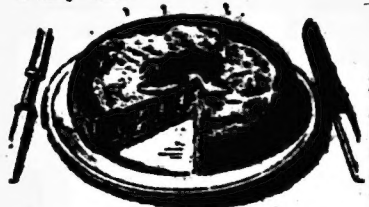
is unrationed — grocers everywhere have it

FOOD FACTS

No limit to the *tempting* dishes you can make with dried eggs!

Do you realize just what a boon dried eggs are in planning meals these days? There's no end to the delicious dishes you can make with them.

You can actually have egg dishes far oftener than most people did pre-war! So take up your full allowance and let the family have their favourite egg dishes as often as they want!



Pancakes: Make a batter with 4 oz. flour, 1 dried egg (dry), salt, ¼ pint milk and water mixed. Add sufficient of the liquid to make a stiff batter, beat well then add rest of liquid. This makes 6 pancakes. Fry in "smoking" hot fat, browning pancakes on both sides. These are delicious — just like pre-war!

Bacon and Egg Pie: Divide ¾ lb. pastry in two. Line a tin with one half. Make a filling with 4 rashers bacon, chopped; 2 reconstituted eggs, 6 oz. mashed potatoes, ½ teaspoon parsley, and seasoning. Cover with rest of pastry and bake for 45 mins. Sufficient for 4.

Toad-in-the-Hole (not illustrated): Use the pancake batter and bake with sausages. A grand nourishing dinner or supper.

WITH DRIED EGGS you can make omelettes, scrambled eggs and batters that taste exactly as if you'd used shell eggs! And it's not surprising, for dried eggs *are* shell eggs, fresh new-laid ones, with only the shell and water taken away. *None of the nutritional value of the egg is lost.* Let the children have their full share of this body-building food — serve egg dishes often! A packet of 12 costs only 1/3.

GRANGES. Remember they have travelled a long way — many of them without their pre-war wrapping paper — so it's a good idea to wash them before you give them to the children. Here are some good ways of using the peel and its valuable vitamin C: Grate enough peel over pancakes before serving. Add grated peel to salads. Use as a flavouring in puddings or cakes.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY & FRIDAY AT 9.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 198

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, March 4, 1944,
93 Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

EASE UP!

● **Some London firemen are angry. They object to being called out in the midst of a "blitz" period for fire-guard exercises.**

After a four-hour exercise the other evening, they had to work the whole night on real fires.

They were busy next day too. And then, in the evening, they were detailed for another "exercise"!

Fire guards will sympathise with them. Men and women who stand at a lathe all day have something better to do than spend their little leisure in paper-chasing through the streets.

This week, too, we read of a woman who keeps the only shop in a remote village. Her husband and assistant have been called up, and as she is going to have a baby she will have to put up the shutters and leave the villagers to go without food and stamps and household goods.

Meanwhile, she has been ordered to do part-time Civil Defence work!

In this fifth year of war our people are not so fresh as in 1939. Wherever possible, they should be spared additional and often unnecessary duties.

traight from the Shoulder

BEHIND THE BATTLES

S Mr. Churchill has warned us, the biggest battles have yet to come. It is no less certain that the enemy will fight em with the savagery of a cornered t.

But meanwhile he is seeking an sy way out.

ids for Peace

We have Marshal Stalin's word for at.

Hitler's diplomats are trying to make ntact with pro-Hitler elements in her countries hinting at separate peace ssibilities with us or our allies. These tempts are doomed to failure."

Ware the Experts!

Anticipating failure, the Nazis have other hope.

They are strenuously trying to organise le and confusion throughout Occupied rope, so that the Allied relief schemes ll break down. Then, it is thought, itain and the U.S.A. will have to call the Germans as expert organisers to ve Europe from chaos and Bolshevism!

e Ready

A naïve hope? Yes, but Germans are e that. And they are pursuing their n in earnest.

The United Nations can insure against UNRRA must be ready to meet any ll.

nland's Delay

Negotiations between Russia and Finnd are going slow. The reason is obably that the Finns have been rced by Germany to play for time—to low the seven German divisions to be hdrawn from their country, *via* rway.

azi Request

Moreover, the German garrisons in rway may be evacuated. JOHN BULL s already discussed this prospect; now ere is further significant news.

The Swedish Foreign Office reveals at it has been approached by a Danish issary with a German plan for withawal from Norway and Denmark—proding Sweden occupies these countries d guarantees their neutrality.

umania Next

Finland's exit from the war will be llowed by that of Rumania. So it is pected in well-informed quarters.

There has lately been highly interestg moves. And the country's internal uation is rapidly worsening.

lkan English

Bulgaria, too, is extending those adowy hands described as "peace elers."

It can hardly be a coincidence that she is starting broadcasts in English for the benefit of Britain and the U.S.A.

Such moves should be noted with interest by Turkey.

Poland's Choice

Diplomatic news of our allies is equally notable.

Following the Prime Minister's blunt speech, and much hard work behind the scenes by himself and Mr. Eden, the Poles are likely to accept the Curzon Line (with slight modifications) as a basis of temporary agreement with Russia.

King Peter

Stupid reports that young King Peter of Yugoslavia is virtually a prisoner in Cairo will do his cause no good.

Only a complete breakaway from his reactionary advisers will gain him the sympathy of his countrymen at home.

Man of Action

And the only hope for King Peter *and* his unrepresentative Government is for them to support Tito.

The world has to judge by actions, not words. Tito, by his actions, has proved worthy of the full confidence and assistance of the United Nations.

It is clear from the Prime Minister's speech that Britain has at last realised this fact.

Three-quarters Back

Now glance swiftly at the actual battlefields.

The Germans have been bludgeoned out of three-quarters of the Russian territories they invaded. They continue to fight stubbornly with little hope of halting their retreat; they are being terribly battered by the Russian artillery, which is the best in the world.

And several more of their divisions are being shifted to the Western Front coasts.

Alexander Holds On

In Italy there is similar evidence that Nazi morale is unshaken. Casualties are heavy on both sides; Allied troops are battling heroically in adverse conditions; we shall hold and improve our positions.

We may suspect that Alexander has new moves in mind to resolve the deadlock.

AIR RAIDS!

MORE THAN

£80,000

ALREADY PAID

Over £80,000 has already been paid to "John Bull" readers under our Free Air Raid Insurance underwritten at Lloyd's.

This great scheme covers Fire Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, Home Guards—in fact every civilian reader—against AIR RAIDS, GAS ATTACKS, INVASION and BOMBARDMENT.

Readers not yet registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Nearer to Japan

The latest attack by the U.S. fleet, 600 miles beyond Truk, is the nearest yet to Tokio. But Pacific distances are great, and there are still 1,300 miles to go!

None the less, Allied strength is making the Japanese war lords anxiously dissatisfied with their dwindling navy and their production of a thousand 'planes a month.

"Blitz" Again

So, on every front, fiercer convulsions must be faced. Certainly the people of London and the South know the climax has not yet been reached.

The enemy bombers are making use of R.A.F. methods both in approaching the target and in attempting to fox our radiolocation. But British scientists have not been idle during the long lull; there are developments still to come in aerial warfare.

Our Defences

Again, some people may feel that our ground defences have not fulfilled their highest expectations. If they are justified in this view, they can no doubt trust the Prime Minister to take such action as he did in the 1940 raids.

Pulling It Down

In any case, of course, the new German campaign is a feeble rejoinder to the incredibly massive Allied offensive.

Even though we must be wary of accepting hard-and-fast figures, it is clear that German aircraft production is being heavily reduced by the R.A.F. and U.S.A.A.F. bombers, while Germany's fighter reserves are being kept down by the continuous combats.

The Object

One object, clearly, is to starve the enemy armies of effective air support when we invade the Continent.

This may take time. For it is estimated that German first-line fighter strength is not less than at the outbreak of war—mainly because the enemy has long chosen to produce more fighters than the slower-to-build bombers.

Going Slow

And when the war is won, what then? Shall we be ready to reconstruct vast areas of the world? Britain included?

Well, the Government promises more White Papers on various aspects of social reform for our own land. But it must remember that reform here must depend on reconstruction everywhere.

The Cost

Besides, even domestic reforms must be fitted into a comprehensive plan. Piecemeal proposals make a deficient diet.

Thus, the Beveridge Scheme must itself be integrated with other forms of replanning. Yet we are getting only instalments of Beveridge, and the other reforms are still ignored.

Why? Are Conservative Ministers still frightened of the cost?

A Model

New Zealand isn't. That small Dominion fought the City of London years ago—and won. Now it is discussing even bigger reforms than those which caused the City to predict red ruin.

Thus, a New Zealand ex-Serviceman may be allowed a loan of £5,000 to buy a farm and stock. And it is suggested that he shall pay no interest during the first two years.

High and Low

Again, a workman may be allowed a loan to buy tools. And no tenant will be turned out of his home so long as he pays the rent and keeps the house in good condition.

New Zealand is satisfied that she can afford better social services providing the standard in *other countries* is also raised. That should go for us, too.

Soldier's Demand

For, despite the Tory M.P. who argues that the troops are not interested in making a Better Britain, JOHN BULL does not believe that most men and women will be easily satisfied when the war is over.

As one soldier in the Middle East writes to us: "I want to tell you how anxious we really are about the prospects of rehabilitating ourselves in better conditions than those we left."

One of Many

No, the Government would be unwise to reckon that letter as a lone voice from the wilderness. We could produce many more, from Servicemen and war workers alike.

The demands they express should be a spur to much faster and much broader planning than has yet been outlined.

Are We Ready?

For this may be the last year of the War in the West.

We must be ready not only for the violent operations by which it can be ended, but for the Transition period that will then begin.

(Continued overleaf)

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

THE big business chiefs are very busy these days spreading propaganda against interference with industry after the war. Although they appear to be talking pure patriotism they are really trying to ensure no interference with their own profits.

And what never creeps into their speeches is a hint that the war has been a fine time for crushing the small traders.

Cut-out

The little men are being ruined methodically by the combines in a great many cases. A glaring example for anyone who cares to look into it is the supply of dental materials.

The industrial combines are working hand in hand with vested interests in the trade, and by withholding supplies are cutting out the individuals and small groups.

All the Difference

They are helped by the apparent ease with which heads of industrial and municipal concerns can move from one job to another.

No matter how unsavoury or unprofitable the ordinary worker's job is he must stick it these adys. He can't resign. There seems to be far too much distinction between the high-ups and the ordinary employees.

"Shot At"

On the other hand there are times when the workers themselves ask too much. A firm of contractors working in the Midlands say they are being shot at for expenses which they never dreamt of putting in their estimates.

Special buses have to be hired to fetch labour from a town twelve miles away. . . .

When to Stop

That's all right. But the workers demand a "steward" for the journey and say it's the custom with other firms. The management have had to give in.

Two "stewards" have been appointed—at five shillings a week each. Their job is to tap on the screen behind the 'bus driver each time he has to stop to pick up or set down a passenger.

Right Track?

The "steward" idea looks like a waste of time—just as an N.F.S. dispatch rider's trip recently looked like a waste of petrol. He travelled some two hundred miles from the south-east so as to guide back cars in which senior officers were riding.

There's a good train service from point to point, and no danger of the engine drivers losing the way.

Question—

A man who last summer and autumn devoted all his spare time to voluntary farmwork planned to do the same again this year.

He called at his local branch of the Ministry of Labour to see about the extra clothing coupons to get some overalls.

—and Answer

He was told he could have them if he worked a minimum of 22 hours a week. He explained he couldn't do that till the evenings got lighter, but that, in a few weeks, he would be doing more than 22 hours.

It was no good. He was told that coupons could not be issued on promises. The man is still going to do his farmwork, but he resents the way he's treated by the office folk.

Topsy-Turvy

Another topic from the land—a suggestion by a Leicestershire farmer who says he's been harassed almost beyond endurance in his attemps to turn his fields and his plans topsy-turvy at the whim of officialdom.

This farmer wants the County Agricultural Committees to spend a bit more time inspecting threshing machinery.

For the Fowls

He estimates that more than a fifth of his wheat crop was wasted because of a worn-out drum on the threshing machine he had to use. Inches of grain were left in his stackyard.

The result was that acres were ploughed, sown and harvested for the benefit of the fowls. Threshing machines are "zoned" so there's no chance for a farmer to see that he gets the best.

These Petty Rules

It all seems stupid. And so, on a smaller scale, is the local rule they have in an Essex hospital that no one is allowed to go to see a baby born there until the mother is due out.

Perhaps there's a very good reason for this rule. Perhaps.

Hard on Forces

But there's no doubt at all that it's very hard on fathers in the Services who get only a few hours' leave and then, maybe, have to go abroad without seeing their babies. At most hospitals, of course, babies can be seen the day after they are born.

Gratitude

It isn't only men in the Forces who *get* shabby treatment. Sometimes they give it out. A Kentish Town, London, family had a miserable experience lately. The husband met a soldier who said he had been walking the streets for hours and could not get lodgings. The wife took him in. He slept in the best bed, had the best food that could be provided in war time.

On the Friday he left with a watch and 4s. 6d. in cash. The man whose hospitality he enjoyed earns £3 10s. 2d. a week.

Thank You

If we can help the War Office to trace this soldier, we will. And the War Office will be only too ready to put things right.

In the meantime JOHN BULL would like to thank the Army authorities for the efficient way in which they have dealt with a complaint by one of our readers.

Irregular

He wrote from the Middle East to say that he was charged 4s. 6d. for alterations to two shirts with which he'd been issued. This was irregular. The C.O. has been told so, and the money is to be refunded to our correspondent and any other soldiers affected.

The 4s. 6d. may seem a small matter, but the principle isn't.

The Wrong Spirit

Now here's a complaint by a man who's been at sea for 40 years—not against the way he's treated by civilians but by the masters of ships he knows.

He says that these masters get duty-free spirits and do a regular trade abroad, selling for enormous sums and getting about 600 per cent. profit. Much of the stuff should go aboard for medical purposes. The sailors never see it.

On the Floor

The keeping of empty houses for bombed-out people is getting more farcical than ever. Every week we hear of some man in the Forces who can't sleep at his home when he's on leave because there isn't room. And as often as not we hear that there's an empty house within a few yards.

One of our readers—he's in the Navy—does sleep at home. On the floor. When he's on leave he shares the family's only room with his wife, four daughters and two sons.

This Fire-Guard—

Mr. E. G. Hastings, who lives in Western Road, Leicester, had to have his leg amputated in May, 1942. In the following September he was called on to report for fire-watching duties. He explained the position and sent in a doctor's certificate.

Last August, when he began part-time work, the same rigmarole started again. Mr. Hastings had to fill in more forms and pay for another doctor's certificate.

—Nonsense

He was granted total exemption from all fire-watching duties.

Two days later he received a direction from the Town Clerk of Leicester (supported by the usual threats of prison) to report to a local fire-guard officer between the hours of 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., so that he could be assigned to his post.

Isn't it all a lot of nonsense?

BEHIND THE NEWS

- Renewed "blitz" on Britain suggests that "secret weapons" on French coast are not yet ready—or have been badly damaged.
- **Certainly they have been hit far harder than is generally known.**
- *Though Alexander got most blame for trouble over war correspondents, General Wilson actually received Mr. Churchill's wire. He didn't interpret it diplomatically!*
- Mr. Churchill has personal interest in Anzio bridgehead—he planned it on his sick-bed.
- **U.S. aircraft production for February showed slight decline; will be near the 10,000 mark this month.**
- *Reorganisation of the Wehrmacht's propaganda services is in process. Important changes in German military strategy will be followed by introduction of new spokesmen.*
- S.S. Black Guard General Sepp Dietrich, Hitler's personal friend and one of the cruellist Nazi leaders, is expected to be placed in charge of anti-guerilla warfare in France.

SMALL Five lines in a North Country newspaper ask for a kitchenmaid—"one lady, five servants." It's not so long since we told the story of an invalid wife who died because her maid was taken from her while she was still trying to cope with a war job.

* * *

An announcement about a Glasgow cinema show says: "A separate entrance for officers has now been arranged so that they do not have to wait in the queue, which is sometimes a mile long." Other ranks will probably have time for some bitter thoughts as they wait in this mammoth line. ADS.

Puzzled

It's easy for the ordinary person to understand the terrific pressure of work in the Divorce Courts and the consequent delay in hearing actions.

But it's by no means easy for them to understand why some cases are heard quicker than others.

Speed-Up

A reader began an action for divorce in August, 1942. So far it's not come for hearing. Yet he read not long ago of a case in which *some of the evidence was based on things that happened recently as last October.*

Nearly Double

The other day we wrote about the exortionate costs of funerals. A Bath reader tells us that he recently lost his wife and she was buried in the family grave.

It cost £11 10s. to open the grave; ten years ago the cost was £6 6s.

Crashed

Several cases have been reported lately of roguery on the part of persons purporting to sell garden shrubs and fruit trees.

A South Wales reader, with none too much money, sent a guinea to a firm which advertised gooseberry and currant trees. They had an accommodation address, and when he wrote to find what was happening he received a printed note saying that the firm had become bankrupt and could not execute the order.

Treasures—

Now for something pleasanter. A fortnight ago we asked for stereoscopes so that we could hand them over to Fleet Air Arm pilots who can use them in training.

As this page is being written, stereoscopes are coming in with every post. Some of them are obviously real family treasures. One is a hundred years old. Another, from 12-year-old Doris C., was clearly one of the pearls of the drawer.

—For Heroes

Yet another, sent anonymously by a mother, had given her son many happy boyhood hours. He was lost off Crete while serving in the Royal Navy. The mother wants the toy to go to a boy serving. . . .

We are sending all the stereoscopes to their proper war stations. Many have already gone off. To hear this will, we know, be thanks enough to the generous people who have sent them in.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By THE EDITOR

TWO BIG JOBS

SHORTAGE of coal to provide power for essential plants, shortage of water for the farms—both are impeding the war effort.

And what of the time when war is done and ner Britain must be shaped?

To brighten our homes and put more power o our factories, this country will need abun- t supplies of cheap electricity and water.

They are richly available. The grid system, comparatively modern marvel, is a first empt at harnessing electrical power to ional needs.

But immense reserves of this power are till untapped; its present flow is uneven and adequate.

And there is no national water grid at all.

Backing Britain to confound the pessimists— we have always done—JOHN BULL here sug- ts two ways to hasten post-war recovery.

The first is a national hydro-electric cheme to supply power and light to the hole country at cheap and uniform rates.

At present the rates vary outrageously. re are too many kinds of tariff, and too many erent systems of supply.

Why? Because supplies are retailed by many ndreds of privately owned companies or local thorities; there is no adequate State control.

The outstanding example of what can be e by large-scale enterprise was set by the nnessee Valley Authority eleven years ago.

This American scheme, which dammed rivers operated a huge system of reservoirs and er plants, made vast quantities of power ilable at a very low price.

It was this astonishing success which in- ed Hitler to build the Augsburg Dam, smashed by the Royal Air Force last year."

Nazi experts, through their hydro-electric em at Augsburg, stepped up generated power he district by more than 75 per cent.

In these islands electricity could be gener- d just as cheaply and abundantly as in erica and Germany.

Electrical power cannot be stored in bulk, water power can. In reservoirs high above -level, water forms a store of hoarded rgy.

And in Britain, which has unusually high tal tides and heavily indented shores, the sea lf could be harnessed to produce up to thousand million electrical units each year!

The Government, with its hydro-electrifica- plans to bring prosperity back to the de- ulated Scottish Highlands, is clearly not blind he possibilities of general development.

UT it moves too slowly. We urge it to re- examine the proposed Severn Barrage, plans for which still exist in some of Whitehall's ty pigeon-holes.

Farther north, between Morecambe and row, the construction of a great sea wall oss the famous Bay could provide hydro- tric energy to reduce industrial costs with- decreasing post-war wages.

Such a scheme might well transform for- erly "distressed areas" into centres of rmanent, wage-earning activity.

Here, in bare outline, is a national scheme ch the Electricity Commissioners would do to study as a basis for post-war technical elopment in Britain.

Cheap power throughout the land would k miracles. It would be a blessing to the sewife; it would be an immense boon to the mer; it would be a blood transfusion to sick ustry.

It would be welcomed by everybody except some inefficient companies which supply power on a tiny scale at big prices.

Even if most of the thousand supply companies sought to prevent the flow of cheap current, a battle against vested interests could be won quickly and decisively if the Government took a firm stand!

JOHN BULL's *second suggestion is national control of the nation's water supplies. A water grid is an imperative necessity.*

Here, again, the State will have to join battle with the vested interests. It must develop national plans no matter what the privately owned companies have to say about them.

In many districts to-day the local water supply is dependent on rural district councils, which have not the means to provide adequate services.

Yet, if Great Britain's rainfall—to say nothing of other sources of supply—were adequately used, there would be 600 gallons a day for every man, woman and child in the country!

Grave water shortage is threatened even now —at a time when supplies might be expected to be abundant—over many thousands of square miles.

Crops are parched. Villages are waterless. Even in London, citizens have been warned a rationing scheme may have to be introduced.

No wonder that not only Labour M.P.s but Conservatives have now begun to demand a nationalisation of water schemes.

One Tory M.P. last week declared that a number of our rural areas were "worse than South African villages."

He demanded to know what was the use of talking about the rebuilding of houses, or the dispersal of population, without water.

There was protest, too, against water being sold for private profit.

For years JOHN BULL has stressed the need to save the country from fantastic and ruinous alternations of flood and drought.

This pre-war need has been accentuated by war conditions; our ability to meet it has been proved a dozen times over.

A survey is now being made by the British Waterworks Association of the resources of some 600 privately owned water companies.

But there can be no final solution to a purely national problem without a national plan.

The war has compelled us to adopt large land drainage schemes in order to get bigger crops from our available land.

It would be folly to await the war's end before making plans for a national water grid *and* a national drainage system.

The Government's announced programme is one of work for all. During the immediate post-war years a great deal of labour released from the Services could be employed to maximum advantage in the provision of power and water to all parts of the kingdom.

This would undoubtedly entail State control of every private electricity and water company in the country. It *might* necessitate some form of nationalisation.

But are we to boggle at words where the people's interest is vitally affected? With or without nationalisation, post-war Britain must be supplied with plenty of water and plenty of electric power at the cheapest possible rates.

Vested interests are no more than the cow which chewed the cud on the first railway track. "What will happen," somebody asked, "if it will not get out of the way?"

"It will be so much the worse for the cow," replied the inventor of the steam engine.

Pay: This is the Army Way

WE criticised the War Office recently. We attacked the system under which officers and men can lose rank and often pay for no other reasons than wounds or ill-health.

The War Office has since explained. There is, it says, far less hardship than our attack would suggest. And, anyhow, it can see no sound alternative to the course it adopts.

Reason: That if a casualty were always allowed to keep his rank there would be a surplus of that rank when he returned to his unit.

★ ★ ★

Both of these points leave us quite unrepentant so far as our general criticisms are concerned.

We maintain that while one officer or man has to surrender one "pip," one stripe or is. of his earnings because he has been laid low by either a bullet or the rigors of campaigning, there is something wrong with the system.

And we'd rather see a unit carry twenty surplus officers or men of a particular rank—however high or low that rank—than that those men should have to take down a badge of rank like somebody who has failed in his duty.

The War Office deals point by point with some of the aspects of our attack.

We urged that men sent to hospital should be allowed to keep their ranks and rates of pay on the principle of "the rate for the job."

★ ★ ★

Official argument is that, by giving the higher rate not to the man who is wounded or ill but the man who takes his place in the unit, the War Office is truly giving "the rate for the job."

To which we answer: Pay the newcomer for the job he is going to do, by all means, but give the same pay to the man who has proved himself thoroughly capable of doing the job.

We know how much the War Office is in the hands of Treasury in spending matters, but it really must learn how to kick.

It is pointed out that acting rank is not, as our article suggested, of indefinite duration—that after quite a short period in acting rank an N.C.O. becomes war substantive in that rank, and cannot suffer loss of rank or pay for causes beyond his control. In the case of an officer, he reaches temporary rank after a short period in acting rank.

Also that the period after which an officer reverts to lower pay and rank is not three weeks, as we say, but varies in different cases—three months in the case of a wounded officer, two months where the man is of temporary rank and suffers from other causes, and twenty-eight days if the sufferer from "other causes" is of acting rank.

One assurance we are certainly delighted to read.

We pictured a temporary major wounded and having to return to his mess as a lieutenant. Apparently he would go back as a captain at least.

And it is argued that there are very few unpaid lance-corporals in the Army to-day, and such as there are have often asked for the right to wear a stripe to give them a little authority in some special job.

We are glad to give the War Office explanation thus fully because, as we have so often pointed out, and as we hope to point out often again no Service has more deeply at heart the welfare and well-being of its men.

We know that Army pay and allowances would stand at a much higher level than to-day if the War Office decided such matters.

But we wish it would think again before it repeats that it can find no alternative to this system of penalising the sick and wounded.

★ ★ ★

It has thought out alternatives to many things on behalf of its officers and men—alternatives which the Colonel Blimps of past ages would have described as impossible.

Maj.-Gen. JIMMY DOOLITTLE,

Commanding 8th U.S. Air Force

DEAR GENERAL,—Expansion of your formidable air arm so that it can put into the skies over Germany and German-occupied countries 2,000 bombers and fighters on successive days does not surprise me.

No one, in the history and development of aerial warfare, transcends you in vision and daring. Your audacity was the driving force behind that raid on Tokio nearly two years ago. And your drive is now transforming the "Eighth" into a devastating daylight bombing force which staggers the imagination.

We in this country are grateful for the way you and your pilots, and your countrymen in the factories behind them, have added to the weight of the R.A.F. assault a bomber-fighter power which is gradually overwhelming German air defences and German aircraft production.

Our Eighth Army has made history. The U.S. Eighth is making it also.—JOHN BULL.

Councillor G. LUPTON,

Rawtenstall, Lancashire

DEAR SIR,—Many years ago, as any history book will tell you, we lost our American colonies because the challenge of "No taxation without representation" came across the Atlantic to pig-headed Ministers running affairs in London.

The lesson of the American War of Independence remains one of the most pointed in the slow evolution of Democratic Government.

I recall it because your Council is complaining to Mr. Churchill at the borough having had no direct representation in the House of Commons for the past three years.

The Member for the Rossendale Division, Sir Ronald Cross, now High Commissioner for Australia, cannot do two jobs at once. As an M.P. his first duty is to his constituency. Yet the demands of war make him an absent Member. Voters in the division feel slighted. So they should.

They have a constitutional right to have a spokesman in the House. That right has been won through many years of struggle and adversity. And it should not be yielded because a man cannot do two jobs at once.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GILBERT BENN,

Firth Park, Sheffield

DEAR SIR,—Funny, isn't it? You try to join the Navy nine times. Each time you are rejected because, at the age of twenty-two, you are in a reserved occupation. So you board a naval vessel without permission and are haled before the magistrates and bound over. The Bench sympathises and recommends your transfer to the Navy.

Equally funny, Mr. Harley Cronin, Secretary of the Prison Officers' Association, reveals that men are dodging service in the Forces by being sent to jail for deliberate crimes.

You have my sympathy. The national need has priority on our services, and, because of that, many men have to forgo an active, fighting rôle in the war.

Yet the old truism still stands: "One volunteer is worth ten pressed men." And for that reason I hope that soon you are swaggering around in bell-bottoms.—JOHN BULL.

OPEN LETTER

Mr. GEORGE DALLAS,

Chairman, Timber Control Board

DEAR SIR.—Food, in the way of priority, comes only second to victory. Scores of millions of people in Europe pray for the end of semi-starvation as ardently as they pray for deliverance from Nazi bondage. And the war has brought home to us in this island the vital importance of food, nutrition and adequate diet.

Without the Merchant Navy, Britain would have been starved into surrender. Without ample food our munition workers could not have toiled and sweated as they have done. Without nutritional advice and aid, thousands of our children would be the victims of deficiency disease.

You and I must agree that the Government has done a magnificent job in keeping the country fed. But now that our supplies are assured "for the duration," our thoughts must turn to post-war problems.

Your vast experience in these matters has already been turned to good account by the Labour Party, and I welcome the news that you and Mr. Arthur Greenwood, M.P., are launching a great campaign to give to the nation details of Labour's food production plan.

Fundamentally, the plan is simple enough. It is to ensure that every man, woman and child in Britain shall not only be fed, but fed *properly*. Sir John Orr, eminent authority on nutrition, supports the plan, which provides for the production of 70 per cent. more fruit, 65 per cent. more milk, 60 per cent. more eggs and vegetables, and 25 per cent. more meat.

These increases would raise the diet of the very poor to roughly the level of the so-called lower middle class.

And the latter, before the war, spent about 10s. a head on food each week.

George Dallas has studied farming conditions and food problems for years

Decision to launch the campaign comes at an opportune time. Colonel Llewellin, the Food Minister, has warned us that "five lean years" are just beginning, and draws a gloomy picture of shortage of meat and dairy produce for a considerable number of years after the war is won.

Whether or not the Colonel errs on the side of pessimism is immaterial.

What does matter is that the nation's food supplies after the war must be safeguarded and that a National Food Plan must be recognised as an integral part of post-war life. More important still, the food must be better, more varied and, as far as possible, the product of a bold agricultural policy directed to securing from our fertile land its maximum yield. —JOHN BULL.

The Most Rev. RICHARD DOWNEY, D.D.,

Archbishop of Liverpool

DEAR DR. DOWNEY,—No one can de as you say in your Lenten pastoral let that the world is sick to-day. "T symptoms," you declare, "are ca detected: divorce, race-suicide, avar licence, insensate pride of race or cl hideous cruelty, broken faith, perse tion."

Those sins and failings weigh hea in the scales of war. They serve to mind us that war unleashes some of most Godless passions, and stifles in hearts of many the common humanit But surely the horrible picture you dr is one-sided? In the other scale must weigh and assess better qualiti nobler motives, and higher virtues.

Does the unfaltering courage of men who won the Battle of Britain co for nothing? Are we to disregard sacrifices of men and women who their lives in rescue work during raids? Can we ignore the fact t Britain to-day is, in some ways, a gre nation than she was in 1939?

Is there no virtue in the steadf faith with which we have fought good fight to save the world from turies of misery and darkness? Does religious tolerance count for nothi Are the prayers and love and faith our women without value?

The symptoms you recount are visible in the mass of people in country. They are, in the main, p ducts of an evil system which we, our Allies, are determined to grind powder.

That this horrible, wasteful, destr tive war should be necessary to wipe the Nazi régime and the horrors breeds, is proof of the fact that so nations are inspired by a desire to good triumphant over evil and by resolve that the decencies and virt will not be overcome.

The world is undoubtedly sick. B out of the sickness there must there emerge a world purified and enlighte To work for that world, instead of c demning the faults of this one, is a t we all must tackle.—JOHN BULL.

Raiders Overhead—and Phantasy

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

MIDNIGHT.... The fire is burning low. The book has lost its appeal. And I decide to go to bed. I don't, because in the distance the sirens begin to wail. And in a couple of seconds our "own" siren, a hundred yards away, vibrates its warning cacophony.

* * *

The faint tattoo of the barrage creeps through the closed curtains. It is like the rumble of a thunderstorm far over the crest of the rise. The tattoo grows in fury till the heavens rend and split beneath the constant changing currents of explosive gases.

I open the curtains. Before me, dark, mysterious and unrevealing, is the sprawling mass that is London. I cannot see them, but I know that. hundreds upon hundreds. of vicious-mouthed A.A. guns are belching death into the skies. Thousands of men are serving the guns. (I envy them their offensive activity.)

I know, too, that London, the city that never sleeps, is a warren of action. In every little street, in every big building, steel-helmeted fire-guards await the chances of the night.

At thousands of fire stations and sub-stations, firemen stand by their engines, escapes and trailer-pumps, ready at a second's notice to engage the ancient enemy—fire.

The black sky is patterned with the devil's dance of bursting shells. Searchlights, like the monstrous rigid fingers of a probing, phosphorescent superman, stab the clouds.

Sometimes above the noise of the guns comes the whine of a fighter 'plane or the drone of an enemy bomber trying to "jink" a path through that forbidding zone of high-explosive hell.

Above me, "Mummy," in response to the baby's call, has gone into Janet's room to comfort and assure her. Janet, at four, calls the ear-splitting barrage "practice" and prattles cheerfully away about dollies, parties and snowmen, as death rides the skies.

* * *

My mind soars into phantasy. I am riding the skies. I am above flak, beyond the rays of searchlights, far from the man-created battle which rages between earth and the stars.

In my heart is compassion for ev mother bending protectively over wh pering children. I seek to find words assurance, of faith. I fail. No wo can assuage a mother when her ch is in danger.

There is no answer in the void to questions that weigh so heavily upon There is no ease; no peace, no conte The world flares below. In the fla are hate, destruction, fear, courage, People are dying. Babies are being bo

* * *

And then I know that nothing stop the eternal cycle. That the destr tiveness of man is as the breaking worthless twig in a vast primeval for That nothing can halt the march of and women. That their love and of their children will survive. That destiny of man is as sure and as cle cut as the planets that swim around Love alone is the key to the riddle—l of God, love of man, love of those th which our conscience bids us love.

The barrage dies away. The last tant night fighter is swallowed in darkness. A fire smoulders over the cr of the rise. From the east comes first steady note of the "All Clear." make a pot of tea, take up a cup to wife. The quiet blankets us like a be diction. I am soon asleep.

Those Wellsian dreams can come true, but their realisation means years of planning, of trial and error and hard work

How We'll Live In Future

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

I'M just back from a big trip. I've been touring the war factories of Britain, probing the minds of industrial designers and manufacturers, talking to them about the peace.

They're worried.

Up their sleeves, tangible in preliminary blueprints and draft industrial schedules, are thousands of wonderful and desirable necessity-luxuries for the world of to-morrow.

After the war, you're going to get pocket-size radio, stereo-television, clutchless and gearless cars—and there are ladderless stockings for you, madame.

You'll be offered compartmented ovens that will cook twice as well on half as much gas, refrigerators with ultra-violet lamps to tenderise and vitaminise the cheapest cuts, electrified panelling to warm and beautify your home.

Tomorrow's Car

I have been shown an amazing series of model rooms: a kitchen streamlined in shining and colourful plastic, an easily delivered and installed one-piece bathroom lovelier than anything you've ever seen at the movies—and others.

Miracles of to-morrow—but they were only miniature models made of plaster and matchsticks.

As the men who showed them to me are the first to admit, it all sounds too good to be true. And they're afraid you may expect these things too soon.

They're alarmed lest they've overpainted the pictures of to-morrow's home, to-morrow's car, to-morrow's new deals for living.

They're frankly scared that, instead of spending your tax credits and bolstering industry's high-speed return to normality, you'll decide to wait for the promised new models.

Listen to Mrs. Smith planning her after-the-war dream car: "Self-operating clutch, windows opening at a button touch, dome light as the door opens!"

And now listen to the considered verdict of a leading car manufacturer: "Our immediate post-war car will be the 1942 car with such improvements as can be made without changes in tools."

That means a modified 1939 car. A car Mr. Smith isn't going to buy if he believes that a 50-miles-per-gallon car, powered on revolutionary new principles, is going to render it obsolete in a twelvemonth.

Colour Television

And that means? A buying lag instead of a buying boom. A slump instead of prosperity.

Take the dilemma of a radio manufacturer at present producing on Service sets.

"First, I can't as yet acquire even the patent rights of the new and ingenious jobs I am handling. Second, if I did, I might never use them. No one can foretell even the system of radio transmission that will eventually prevail after the war."

Or let's drop in on the "post-war type" houses being built by the Government in a London suburb to show what can be done with the new materials and prefabricated units produced by the comparatively untrammelled research of the building industry.

Experts visiting them will be able to study new methods of lighting and heating, the plastic panels that replace wallpaper, the rolltop cupboards to make more room in your kitchen, the soundproofing that will cut you off from next door's radio.

Products that pass laboratory tests often fall down in ordinary usage. Architects and manufacturers will watch a year's test of the flaws. There'll be another year, say, to get perfected improvements into production.

And those houses are not yet completed!

Or take television. In the laboratory, pictures twice as clear, in full colour and in three dimensions are a demonstrable fact.

But the earliest forecast that John L. Baird will make for colour television in your own home is "within a few years of the end of the war."

I know a refrigerator manufacturer who plans a compact cook-or-freeze model. He already has a hundred or so drawings and a dozen full-size dummy models.

With the armistice, his draughtsmen—now evolving tanks—will begin detailed drawings. Allow four months. Dies, moulds and jigs will have to be made. Allow another four months.

It will take a full year before the first test models go into production.

Then there'll be another year of refinements and revisions.

Marketing and consumer research,

For a long time after the war, country jaunts will have to be made in quite an ordinary car

improvements and cheapening of costs—they're all going to take time.

All the manufacturers with whom I have talked are counting on "normal development." That means they can't skip four or five years of natural, gradual changes.

Just look at the tall order an armistice will give to the motor-car industry.

The average car, I was told, has 2,250 separate and individual parts. Each will have to be freshly designed for the first new model, from the stamped cabinet to the smallest detail of a screw.

The first drawings will have to be checked by sales and advertising departments who at present have only the haziest idea of the needs of the post-war public.

What sort of sports two-seater, for instance, is going to satisfy an ace flier who has been keyed up to Spitfires and Hurricanes?

Trial runs of the first experimental models—up freak hills and over broken country—may take months to ensure a new model's roadworthiness.

And then the whole of the first year's output may be sold overseas to recoup in world currencies at least a part of our terrific wartime expenditure.

No wonder if one firm, acting on sage advice, has cancelled a £30,000 series of optimistic forward-looking advertisements and replaced it with sober reviews of past achievements!

New Way of Life

I know a woman who says she is wise to all this and that she'll cover the post-war lull by going off on a cruise. Well, after the last war minesweepers had to work for a year before the sea lanes were safe—and Capt. J. H. F. Crombie, Admiralty Director of Minesweeping, foresees that the task this time will take very much longer.

Besides, there'll be no cruise ships until every man, woman and child in the New Europe has food, new clothing and a measure of security.

One of our greatest scientists, Sir Lawrence Bragg, has forecast a "new way of life for everyone," a "vast change and reorganisation" in the structure of human society. Undoubtedly it's coming. But not without years of patient planning and hard work!

Mapping Our Invasion Targets

PRE-WAR snapshots taken by cross-Channel holidaymakers may soon be helping to guide our assault troops storming ashore on Second Front beaches.

Vital details revealed in thousands of holiday pictures sent in by the public have been incorporated in the wonderful British war maps which cover thousands of miles of Europe's invasion coasts.

Some of these maps are so detailed that they show every farmhouse, gun-emplacement and boathouse along a whole nation's coastline.

★ ★ ★

They are constantly being brought up to the minute—thanks to daring R.A.F. photo pilots skimming through machine-gun fire at 50 ft. to get their pictures.

Thanks, too, to equally daring refugees from the Continent, to our own agents, and to the unwilling Nazi prisoners seized on our Commando raids!

The vast skill and labour behind our war maps will be justified when British officers, wading ashore on enemy land, can tell in a brief glance the exact position of every Nazi defence post, of every road and lane, farmhouse, well, petrol pump, water hydrant or air-raid shelter.

This was proved during the North African, Sicilian and Italian landings, when our officers frequently showed more exact knowledge of a countryside they had never seen than did the local inhabitants!

Vast numbers of maps are needed for each campaign—in one period of six months the Directorate of Military Surveys factories turned out no fewer than 60,000,000 maps, and one works printed and issued over 9,000,000 maps of North Africa before the Allied landings.

Secrecy is a life-and-death matter, for were a Nazi agent to hear a sudden rush printing of, say, a Dutch coast map he might be able to anticipate the point of our landing.

For this reason, maps of many areas which will never be needed are printed as well as the "operational" maps and often at the same time. It is a question of "find the lady."

Not even all the officers of our invasion armies know their destination until they undo the maps issued to them a few hours before landfall.

★ ★ ★

The R.A.F. possess "target maps" of every possible objective in enemy territory. These ingenious maps are specially coloured to show up vividly under the dim amber lights in pilot's or bomb-aimer's compartments. They are printed in magenta and black, with woods shown black, open land grey, towns magenta over grey, and the target for the raid in magenta alone.

This last shows up as a vivid orange under the amber light.

Five million naval charts are turned out yearly by the Admiralty's Hydrographic Department, with its staff of 1,000 experts.

★ ★ ★

Among the Navy's charts are special versions for submarines, which show every under-surface current, every dangerous quicksand and rock on the bottom, even the density and average temperature of the water.

Special "beginners' maps" are now stowed aboard every ship's lifeboat. Wrapped in waterproof oilskin, together with pencils, protractor, rubber and paper, they cover the entire world and give details of currents, winds, weather, floating ice and magnetic variations for every part.

On the back is a guide to navigation which even the landlubber can understand—how to steer a compass course, how to rig a sea anchor and so on.

Modern war-map making is a highly scientific business, but even here luck has its say. The success of our landings in Madagascar owed quite a bit to the discovery on a drunken French sailor in Capetown of an up-to-date map of the island!

A. L. W.

The Freedom of th

Air supremacy is an essential prelude to invasion; the colossal Allied bombing attacks play a vital part in the strategy of the so-called Second Front.

By A. G. GARDINER

DOUBTLESS, the avalanche that is falling upon Germany presages the end of the war. But it does more than that. It is revolutionising war itself and shaping the whole destiny of mankind.

When Hitler set out to conquer the world he was possessed by one tyrannic conviction. It was the conviction that undisputed mastery in the air was the key to universal victory.

If he could secure that mastery before his victims were awake to the danger, his object would be achieved.

Command of the air would neutralise whatever sea-power or land-power could be mobilised against him. For navies and armies needed time, while air power was instant and overwhelming. It got behind the enemy's defences, struck at once at the sources of his military power, and shattered the morale of his people.

It was a new sort of war—a lightning war that would be over before the lumbering machine of former wars could be got into motion.

That was the calculation, and we know by how narrow a margin it failed. Mr. Churchill has pronounced the immortal epitaph on that failure. "Never in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few." The Battle of Britain saved the liberties of the world.

* * *

Now the engineer is "hoist with his own petard." The weapon with which Hitler designed to make himself the tyrant of the world is directed against Germany herself.

I shall waste no words in justifying its use against the enemies of mankind. We all share the feelings which the Bishop of Chichester and Lord Lang have expressed at the awful tragedy that air warfare is inflicting upon the innocent and the guilty alike all over Europe.

TO SUGGEST THAT WE "GLOAT" OVER IT IS A CRUEL SLANDER. WE REJOICE THAT THE WEAPON THAT THE ENEMY INTENDED FOR OUR DESTRUCTION HAS BEEN SNATCHED FROM HIS HAND AND TURNED AGAINST HIM. AND WE ARE ENTITLED SO TO REJOICE. FOR IN OUR HAND THE SWORD WHICH WAS FORGED FOR THE ENSLAVEMENT OF THE WORLD HAS BECOME THE INSTRUMENT OF ITS DELIVERANCE.

Whether that deliverance is soon or late, it is now certain. And it has been made certain by nothing so much as by our decision that the key to deliverance was mastery of the air.

That was the most far-sighted decision in the major strategy of the war. Let us remember this to the credit of the Government. It was not an easy decision to make, for it meant a long delaying action in the face of a clamorous impatience.

Sir Archibald Sinclair's belief in air power has been justified a thousandfold

Given time, we knew that we had the productive power to win the dominion of the skies from the enemy, but the pressure of public demand for the so-called "second front" might well have plunged us into an irreparable disaster.

I say "so-called" Second Front purposely, for the fact is that we have throughout been engaged on at least three fronts by sea, land, and air.

* * *

It is not difficult to-day to see how criminal and almost certainly fatal a hazard it would have been to attempt the invasion of the Continent until we had an absolute command of the skies.

Even with that command it will be the most formidable military operation in all the history of war. But it will be made now with the assurance that the first condition of success has been secured as absolutely as human foresight can secure it.

What we are witnessing in the daily and nightly avalanche that is shattering the power-house of Germany is the first phase of the invasion.

We are carrying the war by air into Germany in order to destroy its military power and to create such chaos in its internal life that, when the great adventure is launched by sea and land, the resistance will be so weakened that, not only will victory be assured, but it will be assured at the minimum cost of life.

The brave men who are launching these lightnings are the vanguard of the assault. They are giving their lives that the lives of thousands may be spared. They are still inspired by the spirit that won the Battle of Britain. And to them as to those applies the epitaph of the "few" and the "many."

But it is not only as the vanguard of the invasion that our dominion of the air is deciding the issue of the war. It turned the tide at El Alamein. With our heroic army, it made possible the conquest of Africa.

With our heroic seamen, it restored the Mediterranean to our unchallenged possession. Without our air superiority Salerno could not have been risked, nor Anzio attempted. Without it the coming invasion from the West would be unthinkable.

And Mr. Churchill, in his last great survey of the war, did well to remind the world of how large a part Anglo-American help, and especially Anglo-American air supremacy, has had in the mighty defeat which our Russian Allies have inflicted and are inflicting on the German war machine.

It is no depreciation of the magnificent courage of the Russian army or the genius of the Russian generalship to say that the collapse of the German army has been hastened by its failure in the air.

That failure is due to two things. Four-fifths of the *Luftwaffe* is now withdrawn to the defence against the Anglo-American air war on Germany. And the effect of that war upon Germany's output of machines of all categories to replace her losses is enormous, and will, in the end, be decisive.

For never forget, our air supremacy has made every German factory vulnerable, while every factory of the Allies, in Russia, in America, even in Britain, is secure from attack by the waning *Luftwaffe*.

What the Ger

HIMMLER may succeed for a time in compelling the Germans to obey, to work and even to fight. But he can no longer compel them to believe in victory.

Some weeks ago a leading Nazi newspaper, the *National-Socialist Kurier*, of Stuttgart, published one of the most amazing articles ever printed in Germany.

★ ★ ★

It sought to ridicule all the criticism now current in Germany about Hitler's lies and blunders. The article was called "Fourteen Points," apparently in remembrance of President Wilson's fourteen points.

Each "point" began with the same phrase: "People say that . . ."

The comment on each point was cheap Goebbels propaganda stuff, just good enough for staunch Nazis. Far more interesting to us is to know *what* the German people are saying.

The first six points deal with the origin of the war, the Jewish persecutions, the attack on Russia, and the question whether the German nation could be entirely wiped out.

The next eight points disclose the various reasons why the "people" regard the war as lost. Here are the actual quotations:

Point 7: "People say that the material superiority of the Americans will crush us in the end, so that all our [illegible] made in vain."

When Hitler [illegible] U.S.A., I argued [illegible] the recollection [illegible] turned the scal[illegible] would eventually [illegible] sion to all Germa[illegible]

The obsession [illegible]

Point 8: "Pe[illegible] various setbacks [illegible] in 1943 are the p[illegible] If the concentri[illegible] Europe now co[illegible] be defeated."

Which shows [illegible] the "unconquer[illegible] and no boasting [illegible] lieved millions [illegible] anxieties about t[illegible]

Point 9: "P[illegible] terror air raids [illegible] arms production [illegible] shall be unable [illegible] pete in armame[illegible]

That needs n[illegible]

★

Point 10: "P[illegible] talk about air [illegible] propaganda. A[illegible] they would come[illegible] This may acco[illegible] exaggeration [illegible] 'planes now rai[illegible]

Point 11: "P[illegible] the two-front w[illegible] of victory in th[illegible] Second Front [illegible] the position will

Air

So much for air power's part in the war c-day. But, as I have said, it is not only he presage of victory now: it will shape the destiny of mankind for all time.

Hitler has failed to conquer the world by ts means, but he was not wrong in believing hat it was the prime instrument by which hat conquest could be effected. And he came perilously near doing it.

We have been warned. And when the war is over we must not forget the warning, s, after the last war, we forgot both about he tanks and the 'planes.

If the world of the future is to be organised for peace—and there is no thinkable future for the world if it isn't—the control of the air must take first place in any scheme of settlement.

Like the sea, the air cannot be territorialised. It has no frontiers and can have no frontiers. It belongs to all and to none.

If, after the experience of this war, it continues to be militarised, the spectre of war, sudden war, will haunt the world as it has never been haunted before.

It follows that the air must be demilitarised and internationally policed. And it will be well if the commercial usage of the air is similarly internationalised.

With such an accommodation the keystone of a new world order would be laid.

AND WITH AMERICA, RUSSIA AND BRITAIN LEFT IN CONTROL OF ALL THE MILITARY POTENTIALITIES OF THE WORLD, SEA, LAND AND AIR, THE COMPLETION OF THE STRUCTURE WILL BE IN THEIR HANDS. MAY THEY PROVE EQUAL TO THIS OPPORTUNITY OF SHAPING THE DESTINY OF MANKIND.

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ed war on the OHN BULL that how America the last war come an obses-

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say that the als is just Nazi they did come, late."

for the fantastic he number of Britain.

say that it was hich robbed us st war. If the becomes a fact the same."

Point 12: "People say that Britons and Americans have so far hardly suffered any losses while we are being bled white in the East. Our enemies in the West will thus be able to start with undiminished strength."

★ ★ ★

It is astonishing that such a statement can be printed in Germany, even for the sake of "refutation." What a challenge to Hitler's faked figures of casualties if his people admit that Germany is being bled white in Russia!

Point 13: "People say that the 'liberating' armies in the West and East will get reinforced in Europe itself as soon as they launch their big offensive."

That the Germans have no doubts as to the feelings of the French, Belgian, Dutch and Norwegian people is hardly surprising. But what a curious admission that they expect the same to happen in the East!

It shows that ordinary Germans take Hitler's anti-Bolshevist crusade for exactly what it is: Bluff and Bunkum.

The 14th and last point is just this: *"People say that England has won all great wars. And she will end also this war victoriously."*

The italics are mine. And I need add nothing by way of comment.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

DUSTSTORMS, SHARKS AND CANNIBALS!

A QUEENSLAND duststorm is one of the few things in this world that make even a Digger shiver.

Experienced sheepmen who wander a few yards from a fence get lost, exhausted, smothered and choked with sand—and die.

Away up in North Australia, a flying ambulance unit received a sudden call.

It is the boast of the air ambulances that, in a race against death, no weather stops them. So the elderly Airspeed bumped across the sunbaked ground in the whirling brown dust and disappeared.

The crew consisted of a sergeant-pilot, aged twenty, a corporal and an aircraftman.

Given up for Dead

They flew by instruments through the dusty darkness in which the sun was obliterated. Presently, they should have picked up certain landmarks. But there was nothing below save sere brown scrub and rusty, tall grass.

The duststorm was far behind, but this featureless landscape was even worse to look at—it meant that they were lost.

Petrol got lower and lower. Radio signals were unanswered. Presently there was a stutter from the motor—and then silence. Sliding downhill towards a savannah of shoulder-high, yellow grass, the pilot pancaked as best he could, but the aircraft turned over. Luckily none of the men was hurt.

They considered their position. They had only emergency rations. They had no idea where they were, but luckily a river brawled through the lonely grass a hundred yards away.

Although we hear of enormous aircraft production, ambulance machines are terribly short in Australia; and the duty of these men was to stand by in the hope of being spotted, so that the aircraft might be salvaged.

For ten days and nights, they stood by. Despite grim rationing, their food supplies dwindled and gave out on the eighth day.

By that time, however, they had devised fishing-lines from some ligatures carried in the Red Cross dressings on the 'plane. Hooks they made from slivers of metal from the aircraft, painfully sharpened and bent.

When it became apparent that they had been given up for dead, the twenty-year-old skipper issued sailing-orders.

Hungry Fish

They had no boat. But they set about making a raft. They broke down some saplings, stripped them of branches, lashed them together, and put empty petrol-tins under the four corners. The vessel that resulted looked like something to take pantomime clowns, but it floated and bore their weight, and on a blazing morning, our three Robinson Crusoes set forth on a strange voyage.

They broke a bottle of medicine on the "bows" to celebrate the launching, only finding out when too late that the raft obstinately persisted in sailing the other-end-foremost.

They had brought a parachute aboard, with an extra pole, and presently, when the first terrors of navigation were overcome, they rigged up a sail.

It was not altogether a success, but they paddled vigorously with their hands, and got along downstream pretty well. Their legs trailed in the river between the crossed poles on which they sat.

This encouraged them to splash violently as they paddled—*for the river was infested with crocodiles* which were intensely interested to see six succulent white legs swimming through the muddy water, but they kept away when a lot of noise was made.

The chief difficulty was that the fish on which their commisariat depended were also frightened away. So, when they landed for the night, they searched the rocks for shelled creatures.

These took a lot of prising off with a screwdriver, and they didn't taste like oysters at the best; the men were hungry.

For ten days, dodging rapids, falls and rocks, the raft rushed faster and faster down the river. Five times it overturned through hitting a hidden rock.

One morning, as the three of them were industriously paddling, and the Skipper was yarning about mountaineering in Scotland, one of the others said: "I don't want to interrupt, old man, but I can't see the banks. You don't think we've reached the sea, do you?"

There was no doubt of it. The banks had vanished and a powerful current was sweeping them into the blue of the Pacific.

They tried to turn the clumsy raft inland. They ran down the sail. All useless. A strong ebb-tide was pulling them out to sea at several miles an hour.

Then minutes later, one of them yelled: "Hi! Look *out*!"

A 10-ft. fish that had glided towards the raft and turned over to show its white underbelly and curved mouth veered off at the spash and yell. It was a shark.

The mariners drew up their legs as best they could. The first shark was soon joined by another, and then some more.

Loudly as the castaways shouted, and fiercely as they splashed, the hungry fishes drew nearer and nearer on those long, darting dashes towards the white legs in the water.

But the men were hungry, too. They tried in vain to catch the sharks for food.

Towards evening, a blur appeared on the horizon. After a long time, it shaped into several low-lying islands with a few trees on them.

Would the current pass the outermost island? The mariners prepared grimly for a struggle that would decide whether they should live or die.

The current turned, they paddled desperately, the raft was tossed on a blinding white beach, and three exhausted, sun-blistered, but happy men, clad in beards and wisps of clothes, took a look round their new kingdom.

"Do you see what I see?" the corporal asked.

Landing or taking off in shifting sand is no joke, it even makes Australians shiver.

Gleaming black faces regarded them through a screen of thick-leafed bushes. The faces began to gabble, and then a group of natives came cautiously out on to the beach and stood suspiciously looking at what the sea had thrown up.

"Hungry! Food!" the twenty-year-old Skipper said in as firm a voice as he could manage. And he pointed to his open mouth.

One of the natives grinned, and the white men saw that his teeth were filed. There are cannibals on many of the islands off North Australia, and cannibals file their teeth!

They beckoned the white men to follow them.

At a village of huts, the Crusoes were offered yams, fish, wild honey and turtle eggs of ripe vintage, uneasily at first but presently with yells of encouragement from the islanders—particularly from an old and withered crone who, judging by her anxiety to force more and more food on the visitors, must have had sons of her own.

Mission Accomplished

The thought occurred to the castaways that perhaps they were being fattened. But, next morning, after a lot of sign language, they were escorted aboard big log-boats manned by island oarsmen, and paddled for a distance that the Skipper reckoned must have been nearly 90 miles, the centre of a considerable log-boat fleet that sang so dreadfully that the travellers never wish to go to Queen's Hall again.

The armada cast anchor at a mission station on the mainland, where a missionary who had not seen any white people for two years was as pleased to see them as they were to find him.

He got a message through to a distant post office, and thence information was telegraphed to the air base. And at last a flying-boat arrived, and the three who had long been given up for dead were flown home in state.

They had only one worry: they had failed in their ambulance mission. But they were reassured. A second machine had taken off half-an-hour after they left, just in case they failed to make their objective because of the bad weather.

The Mercy Wings had not failed.

MICHAEL CLOUD.

★

From the start I suspected he didn't like those cold baths. It wasn't till much later that I knew he hated smoking that pipe

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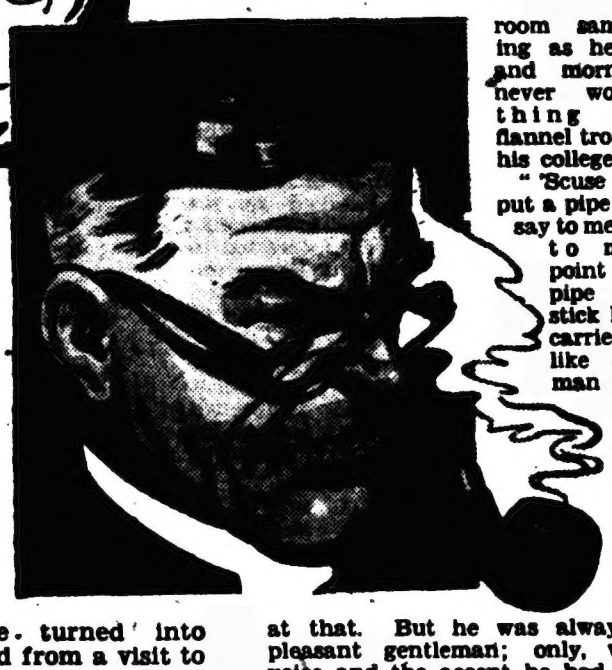

Mrs. Fluke Again

By B. L. Jacot

AS Mrs. Fluke turned into Orsetto Road from a visit to the shops a hearty voice hailed her from the other side of the street. "How are you, my dear Mrs. Fluke?"

Half the street could have heard that manly voice with its very refined Oxford accent, but the landlady made allowances for the vicar. She nodded her head pleasantly and smiled.

With a virile wave of his ash walking-stick, the vicar passed on, puffing determinedly at his pipe. A youth with owlish glasses, carrying a violin case at the vicar's side, raised his hat.

"I always thought," said Miss Soper, the schoolmistress, "that the milkmen round here made a lot of noise, until I met the vicar."

"His heart's in the right place," Mrs. Fluke replied, as the two ladies entered No. 9. "Although I must say lots of folk don't understand him. You know who that was with him? Young Austen Morgan, the Colonel's boy. Doing well, they say, at the Royal College of Music."

"A musician, eh?" Miss Soper murmured.

"Very nearly missed it. Well, we've just got nice time for a cup of tea. Some people would have just given an answer 'Yes' or 'No.' Either way it wouldn't have made any difference to the Colonel.

"It shows you shouldn't judge a man by the things he does and the funny way he has of talking until you understand him."

"Understand who?" asked Miss Soper.

Mrs. Fluke prised off her shoes, which pinched her, and rubbed a foot gratefully. I was telling you (she began) about the Reverend Willoughby, and the old Colonel and his boy there. Only son and a great disappointment. Well, the first I ever heard of the Reverend Willoughby was when he rang the bell one evening and asked me for a room here.

The old vicar hadn't left the vicarage and he'd arrived to take over. "I'm a gay bachelor, Mrs. Fluke," he said to me. "They tell me you can take care of me, what?"

I gave him the big room on the second floor and I must say I couldn't make him out. He was always talking about his "brekker" and his "ekkers," meaning the exercises he used to do before his cold bath in the morning. He had pictures of his college—mostly hockey teams and cricket teams and such—all over the room same evening as he arrived, and mornings he never wore anything except flannel trousers and his college blazer.

"'Scuse me if I put a pipe on," he'd say to me. Seemed to make a point of that pipe and the stick he always carried. More like a young man trying to be manly than someone near forty and—to tell you the truth—a bit scraggy at that. But he was always a very pleasant gentleman; only, with that voice and the accent he had, I said to myself: "You're not the sort as can understand and get to the bottom of things."

Well, he stopped with me for three months. He even kept his tobacco in a jar that had his college arms on it. And it wasn't until he'd been our vicar here for three to four years that I changed my mind about him. From the start I suspected he didn't like those cold baths. It wasn't till much later that I knew he hated smoking that pipe.

Now I've always been fond of that young Austen Morgan, ever since the days he used to ring my bell and chance whether I catch him at it. You see, the mother died and the old Colonel brought him up. What with the Colonel being in India he never saw much of the boy until he came home, and Austen would be about eleven then—been on his own at school until then. Mind you, the Colonel was fond of him. He doted on him, but that sort don't show it except by barking at people and being gruff.

The Colonel had it all fixed for the boy to go into his regiment and be a soldier, too. Instead he took to music, only he kept it secret from the old man, knowing how he would go on about it.

Well, they have to go to some military college, or some place, and when the time came for young Austen to be entered he came round and told me all about it. I said to him: "You'll have to tell your father out straight. No good you going into the Army like you say with you hating it."

The row there was! Of course, he plucked up courage and did what I said. It lasted for a week; then the Colonel said either the boy was going to the college or he would kick him out.

YOUNG Austen told me all; right, he'd be kicked out, and I saw it was serious. I felt I was mixed up in it, so I went round to the vicar and asked him to have a word with the Colonel.

"You're coming with me, my dear Mrs. Fluke!" he says, cramming tobacco into that pipe. "You've known the boy all his life and he tells you things he tells no one else."

Well, I went round with him—with him swinging that stick, and shouting: "How are you, my dear This-and-That!" at everyone, and the Colonel let us into his house in Evelyn Gardens. "Who is this woman?" he said.

The Vicar Told a

"Mrs. Fluke," the Reverend Willoughby told him. "May de-ah old friend and advisah, Mrs. Fluke. She knows more about your boy than you do, Colonel. And that's what we've come to talk to you about, may de-ah friend."

"What business is it of yours?" the old gentleman growled. He was about forty year older than the boy. Fifty, more likely. "I suppose you're the woman who feeds him with cakes in her kitchen?"

"That's me," I told him.

"Oh, well. Sit down," he said. "I suppose you know he wants to be a—a musician. Fiddler! My boy! What would you say to that, eh? Herp-perp."

Now, as I said, some folk would have said, "Yes" or "No" and finished with it without doing a bit of good. But the Reverend Willoughby pulled out his pipe. "Maynd if I put may paipe on?" he asks.

"I'd like to tell you, Colonel," he said, "a little story that came my way when I was a curate in South Wales."

There's a lot of distress in some areas down there (he began, when he'd got his pipe going). I went out visiting on a relief committee with a very worthy woman. At the end of the day we came to a tumbledown old cottage out in a field at the edge of the village.

"This is a most disreputable old character," the lady said. "Never done a stroke of work in his life and he's now nearer eighty than seventy and starving. We've been trying to get him into the workhouse, but some of these old folk are stubborn.

"How has he lived all these years?" I asked.

"The people here are very musical. This old reprobate plays the violin at village dances and then they sing—as they often do, and he's managed to live on what others gave him. No kith or kin, of course. But times are hard now and there's been nothing to give away, so that no one knows how he manages to get along. Very distressing. They say he poaches."

As we reached the cottage I heard someone playing the violin, but it stopped short when my companion knocked. An old man opened the door, Colonel—a queer sight. I put him down as a gypsy.

He tucked his violin under one arm and beckoned us in, plainly puzzled at the visit. "Glad to see your Reverence," he said.

"That was a lovely tune you were playing, Mr. ——"

"Samuel Caulder," my companion put in.

"Aye, that's me!" He smiled at me. "Glad you liked it, your Reverence. It's a lovely tune. There are lovely tunes in these parts. Only people are forgetting them."

"Samuel Caulder," my companion said, "you have refused reasonable plans we have made for you. We have power to make you an allowance that will enable you to continue to live here."

"I never asked for an allowance."

"Have you any food in the house?" She went off to see for herself. The cottage was a mere hovel. It was clear no one had done a stroke of work in the place for months. Years. There was an old bed, a broken table, a few chairs.

"Mr. Caulder," I said, "why don't you get someone to help you make this house more—more comfortable? You could get the broken windows put in."

"Folk have enough on their minds with all the unemployment down here. 'Sides I've got all the comfort I want in my fiddle. Only I've broken the G string."

My Face is Nobody's Fortune

I KNOW a great number of actors, professional and amateur, but nothing about the fact has worried me very much until to-day.

To-day, though, I got thinking, and you know how one thing leads to another when you get thinking.

One very strange thing about actors—professional and amateur; all of them—is that they've got to look like somebody else before they can start.

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They've got to stick bushes on their eyebrows and paint their noses red and wear horn-rimmed glasses and walk with a stoop before they can pretend to be the Girl's Dear Old Dad from Somerset, or Biffkins, an Honest Clerk.

They never seem to think of themselves as *real*. They've got to be added to or subtracted from before they look anything like it.

If you asked a colonel in the Guards to play the part of a colonel in the Guards the first things he'd do would be dive for the make-up box and hire a lot of uniforms.

If you asked an actor to play the part of an actor he'd have to let his hair grow for three months—and he'd spend the three months worrying as to where he could get an overcoat with an astrachan collar.

It is a queer side to the business, you know.

If you were to sit next to a solicitor, a prosperous grocer and a defaulting cashier in a 'bus, I doubt very much if you'd be able to tell one from another.

But if you saw a play, three characters in which were a solicitor, a prosperous grocer and a defaulting cashier, it's absolutely certain that the solicitor would be pale-faced and bald-wigged, the prosperous grocer red-cheeked and padded, and the defaulting cashier hunted-looking, haunted-looking and wobbly of eye.

I can't understand it. As soon as an actor has to *be* something he tries to be something *else*.

Immediately he says: "Ah! I shall have to make up like Jones for that!" Or: "Ah! Smith is the type for that!" And he makes himself up to look like Smith or Jones or the man at the corner shop or the Secretary for Something. Or anybody else so long as it's somebody else.

Give a man a part in a play and at once he gets the idea that he doesn't look right. He's got to be *different*.

But that isn't what's worrying me.

I've spent hundreds of hours in dressing-rooms. I've seen actors' faces by the hundred change into Jones's face and Smith's face and the face of the man at the corner shop.

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But I've never seen one change into my face. No actor has ever looked at me and said suddenly: "You're the type!"

My face seems to be nobody's fortune. I don't seem to be right for a solicitor, a prosperous grocer, a defaulting cashier, or even the Girl's Dear Old Dad from Somerset.

My face has never been much use to me. But it doesn't seem to be much use to anybody.

A thought which certainly sobers one up.

A. G.

Story

ran his fingers over the strings, came closer. "If she says I'm to go workhouse, your Reverence, I ain't I've been happy as a king here early eighty years, boy and man in cottage—since my father died, on rn. And I'm happy to stay here. 't want no help."

lady returned. "A scraping of stew!" she said. "Obviously l days old. The only food in the !"

at when I feel like it! I'm all right nd I don't want to be moved, thank a'am."

hat money is there in the house?" mpanion asked. She was entitled the question.

ere ain't been no money in this for longer'n I can remember, . I play for their dances and I o them when they sing. The village after me, good times and bad."

CKING her teeth, the lady said: "A scandal. The house is in ruins. You'd let it fall to the ground than do a hand's turn of work to nt it."

'll last me my time."

l you've ever done is sit there play- our fiddle."

ch one his comfort, ma'am. I've been a man to worry."

to work!" My companion walked door.

I went out I gave the old man two rowns, Colonel. And I'm glad I For, as I said, it taught me a lesson y needed.

l, Colonel, I found out what that 5s. o. The old man walked into the next morning and bought a postal He sent it to Cardiff for a new ng for his violin.

h that (said Mrs. Fluke) the Rev. ughby knocks out his pipe and gets feet. "Come along, Mrs. Fluke," d to me, and we walked out without er word being said.

on't know what passed between Austen and the old man, but I do he never went to that military my. What that lad has done with usic—and what he's going to do— es to the Rev. Willoughby. I for- man the way he talks for a thing hat.

mm," reflected Miss Soper, deeply d by the narration. "I wonder if de it all up?"

SPRING CLEAN

There is to be a tremendous nation-wide "round-up" of age during March.

he attacks on Hitler's European tress will make huge demands on shipping.

y the redoubled efforts of local horities, helped by the W.V.S., to ct salvage *now* ships will be d for the greatest amphibious ation in history.

this "round-up," housewives asked to search out every nook cranny of their homes, every board, drawer and shelf.

is tremendously important that y scrap of waste paper and card- d, and every bit of rag not used patching or for any useful estic purpose, are looked out. ones, too, are wanted urgently— small ones.

many parts of the country the ial "round-up" will coincide Spring-cleaning, when house- s will have an ideal opportunity making the maximum amount of age available.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Robbing Our Service Men, They Go Scot Free

THERE have been over £1,000,000 worth of unsolved robberies during the last three months.

Even if Scotland Yard had its full peace time staff it would still be overtaxed in trying to cope with the problem in London alone.

Frankly, the position is becoming dangerous. And particularly in regard to Government and semi-official stores!

Wholesale thefts have become commonplace—and few are followed by prosecutions. So it is essential that Government Departments should tighten up their feebly inadequate precautions.

Let me reinforce my argument by a few disclosures.

At one aerodrome under construction, timber and other materials worth nearly £3,000 were whisked away in a single night. The police arrived promptly, but no arrests have been made.

A valuable consignment of Lease-Lend tools was stolen a few hours after being disembarked at one port. Not the slightest clue has been found.

Government linoleum and furniture, worth thousands of pounds, vanished during the black-out in the Midlands about a month ago. The thieves are still at large—and unknown.

Lead costing nearly £3,000, rubber boots valued at £2,400, 48,000 razor blades and other goods, all disappeared one night a fortnight ago. No arrests have been made; none of the booty has been traced.

Big thefts from N.A.A.F.I. are increasing.

N.A.A.F.I., which spends millions of pounds a year on food and entertainment for Service people, employs a special detective staff to deal with its ever-growing robberies.

Black Market Men

Yet, even with the help of the police, at least 90 per cent. of the thieves concerned have got away.

From one N.A.A.F.I. depot, a number of sides of bacon were stolen overnight. They could not have been carried away by hand, and though a lorry must have been used, no one has been able to give any information about it.

From another N.A.A.F.I. store, a consignment of cigarettes disappeared without trace.

Boxes of tinned brisket and tongue, cases of men's underwear, shirts, socks, canned fish, sauce, jam, and gramophone records were taken during the forty minutes a watchman was absent.

His movements must have been known, for directly he turned his back a large van arrived to carry off the loot. An example of perfect timing.

From my own investigations I have no doubt that some N.A.A.F.I. employees work in concert with the thieves.

The original staff of N.A.A.F.I. was so depleted after Dunkirk that all kinds of fresh people were taken on—almost by the thousand—to fill vacancies.

And Black Market racketeers installed their own men in N.A.A.F.I. and Government depots!

In one case where an arrest was made and the man finally sentenced, he admitted that he had been working for two brothers who had prospered in the Black Market.

Though sentenced only for the theft of rationed food and chocolate, it is believed that one man who was sent to jail had been planning big robberies from different stores for at least eighteen months. But that theft was the only one that could be proved.

Rarely Detected

A Government inspector told me frankly the other day that theft and trickery are so general throughout the country that the authorities have often to put a blind eye to the detective telescope!

This official's investigations have involved millions of pounds. He has been looking for apples, Christmas puddings, sausages, meat, soups, tea, sugar, boxes of cheese, fruit, salmon, pickled herrings, chocolate, wine, cigarettes, electric light bulbs, clothes, overalls and chewing gum!

"I don't mean the ones or twos," he explains. "Sometimes I've had to try to find out what happened to 1,000 lb. of apples, say, or 1,000 lb. of sausages. The thieves haven't done things by halves."

He tracked down a gang of thieves who were convicted for being in possession of several miscellaneous goods. One of them was an employee, who casually mentioned "he could have got away with thousands of pounds in actual money."

There was no proper system of stock-taking, he said. Anyone could have filled his pockets without much difficulty.

It is hardly surprising that many Servicemen, whose money is the pivot of N.A.A.F.I.'s finances, feel indignant over these growing and rarely detected robberies which amount to tens of thousands of pounds.

Now there's so much more important work for him to do!

"I know one inspector," said an informant a few days ago, "who was embezzling money and stealing goods for months before it was discovered that he had spent five years in a reformatory and—in all—seven years in jail."

That, I told my friend, was only *one* case of many.

I could have told him of an inspector who regularly took consignments of tinned plums, cigarettes, chocolates, gin, cocktails, sherry and port to his house for resale to a warehouse manager.

Another—until he was caught—had for two years been stealing all kinds of foodstuffs that brought him in an average of £80 a week.

Where public funds are concerned, much greater supervision is necessary.

I hope it will be forthcoming—and at once.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. J. Minnis, of Massey Park, Wallasey, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for an interesting item of information.

Letters are invited concerning suspected frauds or scandals which require investigation. Address: Public Benefactor, JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Say "Good-Night"—To These "Nurses"

MANY kinds of bogus nurses, telling all kinds of lying stories, are very busy at present.

Doctors, hospital sisters and superintendents and ordinary members of the public alike should heed this warning.

Everybody should remember one important fact—genuine nurses always have in their possession definite evidence of their identity.

In several parts of Kent lately a middle-aged "nursing sister (retired)" has been collecting funds for the supposed erection of local welfare and medical services required quickly in air raids and other emergencies.

Trading on the fact that genuine collectors mostly find ready support, this adventuress—for whom the police are looking—is reaping a good harvest.

Another woman, who was recently sentenced at Bow Street Police Court in the name of Cicily Bradley, was actually using tabs bearing the words "Soviet Union." Among the lies in her repertoire was that she was a member of the Russian Aviation Corps.

A third adventuress, with several previous convictions, and whose real name is believed to be Lilian Belsham, has for years been posing as a nurse or nursing sister. She has about a dozen aliases, and has obtained many sums of money by false pretences.

A fourth—and I could quote many others if I had the space to do so—is now touring the provinces. She claims to represent a scheme to open convalescent homes for soldiers, after they have been released from military hospitals, who require prolonged nursing treatment.

Don't give money to any woman, no matter how convincing she may appear to be, without asking a few pertinent questions.

Remember this:

All genuine nurses who appeal for funds don't object to being asked for personal credentials. They rather like it, in fact. For it is a safeguard against medical impostors

Are Those Promises Being Forgotten?

By Hannen Swaffer

GREAT BRITAIN, whatever Churchill may think of Skipton, Brighton and West Derbyshire, stands firmly behind the Prime Minister on this, the eve of the greatest of our trials in a long and calamitous war.

Arthur Greenwood, speaking for a Labour Party which can claim to represent the workers and the rank and file of the nation, criticised the conduct of operations in Italy, our support of Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio and our attitude towards Spain. But that did not mean disunity.

"Our people, I imagine," he said, "will this year go through grim weeks and months, suffering anxieties greater than they have suffered up till now. But, so far as my Party is concerned, we shall not waver. No sacrifice that is asked for will be denied."

Freedom of Speech

The time of test had begun. Under my Trafalgar Square window, that day, a serious crowd was staring at a board outside Westminster's city hall. On it was the number of dead and injured in the last recorded raid.

After months of peaceful sleep the bombs had begun to fall again; once again, too, falling shrapnel from our guns rained, and in greater quantities.

In the Tube there were crowds, night after night, that reminded us of 1941. Theatre attendances, whatever the managers said, had fallen heavily. Diners-out were fewer in number. There was a sense of greater danger in the air.

Hitler, because of Berlin, was being forced to hit back. Well, it relieved the Eastern Front, anyway—and it made a bit less difficult our slow advance in the Mediterranean.

That was how it was taken. Women to whom I spoke seemed, while taking shelter, more concerned about their boys in the Middle East or in Burma. "If they can take it, we can."

The surest indication of the nation's mood, however, was to be found in Hansard, a publication without which, in these days of small newspapers, it is impossible to know what is being said in a Parliament that, however badly it may represent the disenfranchised youth of the nation, still exercises its right to speak out plainly.

Take the day on which the Premier spoke. . . .

General praise for his war leadership was almost completely unanimous.

"Our debt to the Prime Minister increases," said Major Adams, the independent-minded Tory from Leeds.

Sir Percy Harris, who keeps Bethnal Green a Liberal seat, paid tribute to "his herculean efforts to overcome obstacles" and the physical strain he had endured.

Joseph Tinker, a Labour man who has always resented any criticism of Churchill, warned him that his Tory machine should turn out better election candidates, which means, of course, the Marquis of Hartington; but even then he expressed "the same admiration."

Captain Bellenger, a Labour man who has made himself "the soldier's friend," declared, though, that Churchill could not live for ever on his brave leadership in the dark days. "He has not been given a blank cheque," he said. "He cannot live for ever on 1940."

Only John McGovern, of the I.L.P., was really anti-Winston. "A master of evasion," he called him—"Stalin's Charlie Macarthy," and a man who had become "an apologist for the crimes being committed in this war."

Generally, the criticism was directed at our mismanagement of affairs in the field of diplomacy and at our conduct of the Italian campaign.

Even Flight-Lieutenant Teeling, the new M.P. for a Brighton where the Premier had supported him, said the people would be "more active in support of the Government"—what an admission that his opponent had a case, despite the "attempted swindle"—if they were certain we had "a clean-cut foreign policy."

Yes, this M.P., the opposing of whom caused so much fuss, declared in his maiden speech that in the underground movement on the Continent, and in neutral countries, people everywhere were watching Britain to see if she possessed that same genius for leadership as existed in the nineteenth century.

Even the man elected as a whole-hearted supporter of a Premier who resented criticism made his first appearance in Parliament as a critic of that leadership!

I do not wonder that foreign countries fail to understand our island people.

We are united behind a Government determined to win the war, and yet we insist on our right to criticise it and to find fault. That, whether Churchill realises it or not, is the basis of our democracy.

There came a challenge from Sir Archibald Southby, the Diehard who represents Epsom. Now you remember how, when Mussolini collapsed, Churchill said, "We will allow the Italians to stew in their own juice." Sir Archibald, however, blamed our lack of adventurousness.

"When Mussolini collapsed," he said, "10,000 troops could have done in Italy what 50,000 could not do now. The under-belly of the Axis was exposed almost undefended, but we missed our chance."

Had this speech been made by a Pacifist, it would have created no surprise. But coming from whence it did, there was angry interruption. For, while many M.P.s openly regret the necessity of bombing, this went too far.

War and Peace

On the eve of the great offensive—and a careful examination of the two-days' debate will prove this—there is a feeling in Parliament, and in the country generally, that military strategy and diplomatic policy are not unified in the Government's mind.

There is a feeling, too, that the high promises of the Atlantic Charter are being forgotten and a fear that the small countries of Europe are already being betrayed and swamped by the greater interests.

People wonder, too, about our attitude towards Greece and Yugoslavia.

We are in the jamb of having given official support to two Balkan Governments that are out of favour with the Partisans fighting so nobly in the countries which they have left. How can we get out of it?

No, this remarkable thing is true—that while even the opponents of the Government support it, and there is complete unity about the waging of the war to its bitter end, I do not find in Hansard one unofficial speech that was whole-heartedly on the Government's side.

Either we were too pro-Russian, or we were not pro-Russian enough. Either we ought to be harsher with Franco, or we should remember how "kind" he was when Germany apparently was winning.

I do not wonder that the *Times*, in replying to Churchill's plea for national unity, said that the best way to maintain it was for the Government to realise that "the issues of peace are inseparably bound up with the issues of war."

For it was the issues of peace on which the Government lost Skipton and West Derbyshire.

"In peace, prepare for war," is a well-worn phrase. "In war, prepare for peace," is quite as logical.

But, so far, the Government refuses to recognise that.

HUMAN MACHINE

Read and Learn

● Let us emulate Emerson, [who] said that next to originating a great thought, the best thing was to be the first to repeat it! Here are some great thoughts that we can take to heart with advantage:

"People may seem to be perfect impossible. They may seem mean and small and sly. But if you will take ten paces to the left and look again, with the light falling at a different angle, very likely you will see that they are generous and wise and kind. It all depends on the point from which you're seeing them." And here's another:

"Every man may see in the mirror the face of him who may be his best friend or his worst enemy. . . . For every man owns the title-deeds of his mind, and is alone responsible for the thoughts he generates. . . ."

"The ability to handle life," [says] the same writer, "is simply the ability to handle one's own mind. We fail first in thought, and only afterwards in action."

"Essential greatness," wrote [the] American, "is measured not by how far a man has come, but how far he has come considering his start." Think of that when next you feel discouraged.

And, finally, let us have our own great thought. It is simply this: that we are what we think and what we feel. We can put it the other way round—we think and we feel as to do, and what we do is what we really are.

That is the inner meaning of the old proverb that "actions speak louder than words."

If you think it over you'll see the point all right!

SHALL WE HAVE Mr. BEVIN'S YOUNG LADIES?

A MAN wants to know why girls are so reluctant to enter domestic service.

"Years ago it was understandable enough," he writes. "They were slaves in all but name, working all hours from early morning till bedtime, paid miserable wages, bullied by mistresses, having their meals alone in a dreary basement kitchen.

"That kind of servant has vanished. The domestic help of to-day has fixed hours, better wages and food, and a good deal of liberty.

"The work is a bit monotonous, perhaps, but it has more variety than a typist's or a factory worker's. It is a good preparation for married life, which a typist's isn't.

"And with modern labour-saving devices in an up-to-date house a girl can get through the 'chores' with ease. Why, then, the objections? After all, domestic work is the country's greatest industry, and no one can say it is unimportant."

I think the work suffers for its bad name in the past: that is the root of the whole trouble. A girl can stand hard work, long hours, small wages; but she hates being looked down upon, and the stigma of social inferiority is something she will not tolerate.

She protests against the names applied to her—the maid, the servant, the "char," Abegail, and others even worse.

She would rather be called a domestic help or assistant. But the right name has yet to be found.

There are other factors to be considered. The modern housewife, with little or no family, can do her own work—the war has taught her that. The modern flat has no room for hired help.

In a booklet published by Pres[s] Muller there is outlined a scheme to revolutionise the whole industry.

The workers would live in hostels, to be engaged by the day or the hour. In case of illness they could be called to carry on; and when a man and wife want an evening out they can engage a girl to "keep house" for them. They would be available for sudden emergencies of many kinds.

But the taint of social inferiority would disappear. The girls would be intelligent, trained in modern methods, proud of their housecraft, conscious of their value.

Such girls would be as far removed from "The Marchioness" of "The Curiosity Shop" as the scientifically trained midwife is from Mrs. Gamp. Their occupation would be held in esteem. When that happens the problem will be solved.

I should like to know what women readers think about the whole subject.

THE next problem is purely personal.

"I read your interesting and helpful advice every week, and am wondering if you can sort out my problem for me. I am in a munition factory and worked along with my best friend. I thought the world of her.

"Well, the Ministry of Labour asked for volunteers for another firm. My friend volunteered without saying a word to me and was transferred. I miss her about once a fortnight, and there is something lacking in our friendship.

"There seems to be a strain at times, but if I try to find out what is wrong she goes very quiet. The strain

Voice of the Troops

Have you an interesting letter
m a relative in the Forces? ONE
LINEA will be paid for each one
blished—more if an adventure
y used at greater length—and
the letters are returned. 10s. 6d.
Readers' Views. Address all
ters to "Voice," JOHN BULL,
3, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

LFERING by Arabs in North Africa is not uncommon, but S.Q.M.S. A. J. Coombs tells of an unusual sequel in a r to his wife at Church Hill, lemere, Surrey:

checking my stock I found that ases of toilet soap were missing. e inquiries among the native staff, t evasive answers.

r I found some empty soap car- but even Sherlock Holmes would ve found them very useful.

missed six of the Arabs whom I ht knew something about the s, and that was the end of it— I thought.

day, Sunday. I had dinner with nch family and did not return to until 10.30 p.m. The laughter greeted me as I walked into the nts' mess surprised me; then the explanation.

eemed that one of the Arabs I acked had in my absence brought donkey as a peace-offering to compensate for the missing soap, and had tethered it near my billet.

Never have I seen such a decrepit animal! Had it have died twenty years ago it would have been of old age.

I had the greatest difficulty in giving the animal away, and the lads will be pulling my leg for weeks to come. Think of me going to work mounted on that animal!

That Arab has not been reinstated.

THAT SUNNY LAND!

A few days after writing this letter to his mother at Stokewell Road, West Melton, Yorks, Fusilier H. Holmes, R.S.F., serving with the Eighth Army in Italy, was wounded:

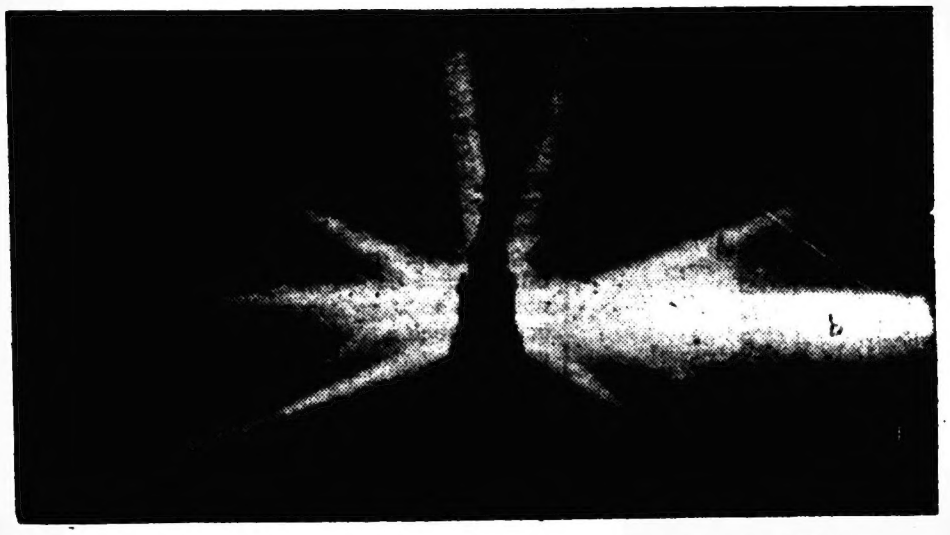
We are stirring Jerry up in good style, but he is stirring us a bit, too. It's all in the game, which we have got to win.

Talk about mud! We have been up to our knees in it, and when it wasn't snowing it was raining. Sleeping on the mountains with not much covering is no joke.

However, the worst is over for the time being.

I am writing this from a nice "cosy" billet. Anyway, it has four walls, a roof and electric light.

To-day I have received news from the company clerk that I am the proud possessor of £32 10s.; at least, that sum stands to my credit as the result of four and a half years' service. Another fifty years or so and my fortune will be made!



Even an Australian airman is worried by London's searchlights

CAUGHT IN CONE

An Australian airman, F./Sgt. P. A. Sugg, has just completed training here and is ready for trips over Germany. To a friend at Melstock Road, King's Heath, Birmingham, he writes this testimonial to a Lancaster bomber:

The other night we were doing a searchlight affiliation stunt and had bags of fun at 10,000 ft. dodging in and out of the beams.

We were properly "coned" several times; but Dave, the pilot, tossed the old battle wagon around in good style and we got out of them every time.

All this gives us confidence for the trips over territory where dodging the searchlights will be a serious business.

There is just nothing a good pilot can't do with these Lancasters except fly them backwards, and I consider myself lucky to be flying in them.

Training is almost finished. Two more day exercises and a long night trip to do; then we shall be off to a squadron, and the real game will be on. Cheerio!

MOUTH-ORGAN REVELS

A parcel from home containing a mouth-organ was a major event in the lives of some of the boys serving with the C.M.F. Sgt. D. C. Pentney writes to his mother at West Gardens, Ewell, Surrey:

When I unpacked your parcel everybody was looking over everybody else's shoulder—and what a shout there was when I pulled out the mouth-organ!

For the next hour or two in our gunpit we had the merriest and jolliest time for months. I exercised my lungs playing such old favourites as "She'll be coming round the Mountain," "Tipperary," and the rest.

There was so much singing and dancing that local families came out of their houses to see what it was all about. They did not realise that we were a musical nation until the mouth-organ arrived!

FRONT-LINE DAWN

Early breakfast in the front line in Italy may not be the best start for a trying day, but the troops remain cheerful, as Pte. A. Blanchard tells his mother at Church Lane, Hambledon, Portsmouth:

We had orders to move quickly, so had "breakfast" at 1 a.m. of one cold sausage and equally cold tea.

Zero hour was at 2.30 a.m., and I was in the leading carrier. We set off expecting to bump into trouble at any moment, and we got it.

Just as dawn was breaking we reached our objective, having missed quite a few booby-traps and mines cunningly placed by Jerry before his departure.

We were halfway into the town when an Italian warned us in broken English that there was trouble ahead. I sent back a message, and at that moment Jerry started firing on us from well-concealed positions.

My gunner replied, and the fun began in real earnest.

There was a terrific crump and the carrier behind us was hit. The driver was killed and the officer injured. However, we got the officer to comparative safety.

For the rest of the day we held our ground, while our infantry and tanks got on with their job.

That evening we enjoyed a meal of spaghetti and beans. An exciting day.

We are not having it all our own way, but I think we will give Jerry a hiding.

e, the old-fashioned servant has gone for ever.

is getting on my nerves. I still er and she says she misses me. wish you would tell me what you and what I ought to do."

ething has evidently gone wrong en the two girls, but until I know her girl's story I can only make a

ay be that a third party has been g mischief—that often happens. be that the other girl has a new and is cooling off towards her friend.

ay be that the writer has been too sive, trying to monopolise her , jealous of her interest in anyone

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

else. That attitude has ruined many a good friendship.

Here are three explanations, and there may be others. I suggest that she asks point-blank which of them meets the case.

FINALLY, here is a letter left over from an earlier problem:

"Your replies and articles every week give me great pleasure, and your page is one of the first things I read.

"Not long ago you printed a letter about a little girl who had a mania for cutting things to ribbons, and it reminded me that my own sister was once like that. My mother was very worried until she hit on the solution.

"She gave my sister a lot of old things and kept her busy cutting them up all evening till bedtime. Next day the dose was repeated, and within a week my sister was so fed up with cutting that she hid the scissors.

"But mother found them and set her to work, cutting and cutting till she had had more than enough. I think this cure might be used for the girl described by your correspondent."

A score of other readers made a similar suggestion, and all claimed that the remedy was effectual. Still, it would not meet every case. Where the mania is based upon a compulsion neurosis it might make matters worse.

But for ordinary childish destructiveness the appetite may be cured by satiation. One can think of other human vices that might be eradicated in a similar way.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● What happens to newspapers sent to airmen overseas? I have been sending weekly packages for two years, but only a few have arrived.—Mrs. N. Davidson, Aberdeen.

★ ★ ★

Too many children are being killed on the roads. Let them have more special classes in school for "Safety First" and First-aid.—J. E. K., Stoke-on-Trent.

★ ★ ★

There is something wrong when a miner and his four children are uprooted from their home in South Wales, and he is "directed" to work in a mine fifty miles from the Scottish border.—"Miner," Morpeth, Northumberland.

★ ★ ★

Since the last slump in the coal trade, thousands of tons of best Welsh small coal remain dumped in the sidings and yards of colliery premises. Does the Minister of Fuel and Power know about it?—"Ianto," South Wales.

★ ★ ★

More than 400 men can be seen every Friday morning at the local employment exchange collecting their unemployment pay. What about it, Mr. Bevin?—"Mac," Grove Park, London, S.E.12.

★ ★ ★

Instead of wasting petrol in wearisome exercises, Civil Defence drivers with their empty vehicles should be allowed to transport vitally needed goods.—"C.D. Driver," Sheffield.

'CAMP' COFFEE

FULL STRENGTH
NO WASTE

OVERHEARD AT THE BENCH

"... and I do all my own washing now, too."

"So do I, and I expect we'll have to go on with it long after the war. And I really don't mind. Thank goodness we managed to get our ★Acme before war broke out—it's amazing how easily it gets through a really big wash, and how crisp and clean everything comes out."

"You're perfectly right—fortunately I'm able to borrow a friend's."

"It's just the same with me—our Acme does for all the neighbours until they can get Acmes of their own ..."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer fits the smallest flatlet or the largest country house—and stands up to the heaviest family wash as easily as it looks after your sheerest silks.*

LAST LAUGH

SALESMAN (Covent Garden).—"In my long experience people have never failed to grumble about apples going up." Sir Isaac Newton was before your time, of course?

H. V. (Kew).—"I lost the race in the swimming gala because I experienced a sharp pain in my left leg." Your style was cramped, so to speak.

B. T. (Salford).—"The train came in on time, and I found a comfortable corner seat. . . ." We regret we are not in the market for fiction at the moment.

C. L. (Perth).—"A poultry farmer in our district was recently shot at by a masked man." Some people will go to extraordinary lengths to get a shell egg.

FILM FAN (Manchester). —"Talkie commentators, in my opinion, often spoil a film." Especially the one sitting in the seat behind.

TOMMY (Dumfries). — "What would you say if I told you I saw two mice each eight inches in length?" Rats!

W. S. (Preston).—"A disgruntled servant recently tried to poison me by putting metal polish in my coffee." She tried to polish you off, eh?"

G. F. (Blantyre).—"A bulldog is an affectionate animal and becomes firmly attached to its master." When it is not "attaching" itself to the postman!

LANDLADY (Glasgow).—"One of my lodgers, a music-hall contortionist, left me without paying six weeks' board money." The twister.

BOMBER-PILOT (Somewhere-in-England).—"When I passed overhead last night I bet you had no idea of the weight of bombs I was carrying to Germany." We're glad you didn't drop a hint!

D. S. (Cardiff).—"Last time I was at the dentist's, people were amazed at the way I cheered up a fellow who was waiting to have his teeth out." Do you always call to pay your bills?

T. L. (Ramsgate).—"Returning home in the early hours of the morning I was just in time to catch a burglar making off with my most cherished possession." A lump of coal?

B. L. (Acton).—"If Britain is to continue to be a great nation after the war, love and a cottage should be possible." And love and a cot commendable.

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"When do yer think the Second Front will start, buddy?"

"Well, looks like we're only waitin' for the Concert Parties to be ready now!"

Side-Slips

OXFORD MAIL: "High explosive TOMBS dropped near a town . . ."

EVENING NEWS: "Inspectors saw them selling jars with vanishing DREAM . . ."

EVENING STANDARD: ". . . a mail bag containing registered packets WAS PLAYED in a van . . ."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS: "Four READERS were shot down."

BRISTOL EVENING POST: ". . . is in better fighting spirit than the Kaiser's army after four and a quarter years of WATER . . ."

SOUTH WALES ECHO AND EXPRESS: ". . . struck Smith in the face with his FACE."

WREXHAM LEADER: ". . . by the King to return home to be KNITTED . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

An old soldier—he has fought in the last war and this—tossed uneasily in an East London hospital bed.

No wonder he found it hard to get well.

At home, anxious to send him little comforts, but quite unable, were his wife and their four children ranging from ten to fifteen.

There had been a fifth, but he laid down his life in this war.

He thought of his wife's impossible task. The family's income was £1 0s. 6d. brought home by the one child working, plus 5s. pension for the boy they had lost—£1 5s. 6d. a week, and not a penny more.

And of their inescapable commitments—11s. 10d. a week for rent and 5s. insurance.

He thought and thought—and ended up by writing to us.

We are glad to say that the public assistance committee has since decided to give the family £2 2s. a week.

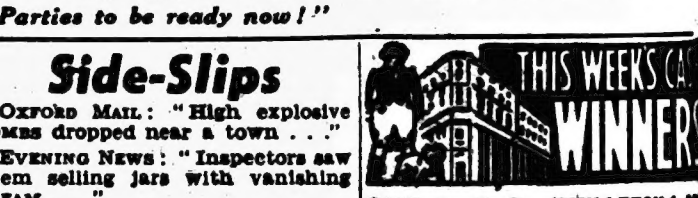
But it can be imagined what a sore plight that poor fellow's financial affairs had got into before he summoned courage to write to us.

So we decided to ask *you* to give a helping hand to him and so many others like him.

Please send a donation to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, earmarking your envelope "War Sufferers." You can then rely on us to distribute it equitably among such cases on our books.

We ourselves gladly bear all administrative expenses and will be pleased to send an acknowledgment or, if you ask, a copy of the current week's subscriptions.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*



£100 plus Radio—"BULLETS" 1,4

S. W. Green, A.B., No. 5 [illegible] H.M.S. "L———," c/o G.P.O. London, for this "Bullet":—

ANOTHER STORY WHEN FRITZ "GETS IT."

310: Pte. S. Shires, Somewhere-in-Britain.

A Woman's Ambition—Man, Non-Man Home!

85: F. W. Wakefield, 41, Melton Rd., Bridgford, Nottingham.

Down The Mine—Salute The Wealth Soldier!

84: W. Wise, 19, Blenheim Rd., Barnsley. Wonderful Winston — Flooded — Unbeat Needed—Succeeded!

83: E. A. Bower, 198, New Village, Creswell, Notts. Flying — From "Annihilated" Assn. "Invincibles"!

82: F. Filling, 15, Elm Grove, Wardle, Rochdale. All In Step—Then Bovvridge! "Bridge" Sons

£200 for a "BULLET" NEXT PAGE

6 Prizes of 20s.:

E. Bentmoore, 7, Albert St., Ilkeston. Under The Counter—Serving Shopkeeper Right, M. F. Denton, 12, Arthur St., Eythope, Sunderland. Youngster Of The Future—Your "Champion" "Accuser"?

T. A. Evans, 218 Court, Caerau, Bridgend, Glam. Wonderful Winston—Plain "Mr."—Plainly "Him"

Mrs. Skipton, 74, Chichester Rd., Portsmouth. He Good To Anybody—Grandpa? Good To Grandpa

A. Spink, 64, Cornwall Rd., Bradford. Flying—Gorgeous, When You've "Fledglings."

T. Wilcox, 58, Andrews Rd., Upper Largo, Fife. War-time Marriage—Bridegroom Gave Bride—

A list of 25 winners of Fruit Cakes can be seen at those address; 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

300 PRIZES

WON IN "LAUGH-LINES"

Most meritorious entries were decided by Adjudication Committee to be those bearing the [illegible] LETTERS in order D—K—E—F entered by [illegible] 10 competitors, who thus share £75 [illegible] S. T. Bailey, R.M.S. "D—," c/o G.P.O.; Pte. E. Thackley; W. D. Craig, Ashford, Kent; Pte. E. Davies, Somewhere-in-Britain; J. H. Cosham; Sgt. E. D. Gardiner, Somewhere-in-Britain; R. Mattocks, Bendish; Miss A. Perrin, [illegible] Mrs. B. Riley, Liverpool; N. Butcher, [illegible]

Award for 1st Runners-up shared between 2 entrants with FIRST THREE letters in order above; 2nd Runners-up Awards for 242 entrants with FIRST TWO.

CROSSWORD RESULT IN "GAZETTE."

ANOTHER 325 "LAUGH-LINES" OVER

NEXT WEEK'S "JOHN BULL."

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets 9 for 7d. 36 for 1/11

BOB MARTIN'S
Condition Powder Tablets
keep dogs fit

Square Chin?

You want a shaving stick with lots and lots of lather

that's Easy

You want a shaving stick whose lather is a help to any blade

that's Easy

You want a shaving stick that gives 100 shaves per stick

the answer's
EASY
SHAVING STICK

7½D PER STICK (*includes purchase tax*)

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED.

E 369-757-65

Fuel into munition!

l is as much a munition of as bombs or shells or lets. Waste of fuel, or the conomical use of it, is a k on our productive effort, indrance to our fighting es. Economy is specially ded in the use of fuel for king.

What do I do...?

n my cooking well ahead and nge never to use the oven for dish only.

il only as much water at a time actually need.

e lids on saucepans to keep in heat.

use a "combination" grate or e, I bank up the fire over the n flue and cover with slack to vent cold air entering.

ed by the Ministry of Information

ce presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

take Fennings'
LITTLE HEALERS
at the first sign of an attack of
INFLUENZA
BRONCHITIS
OR COLDS
and Brighten your outlook
FROM ALL CHEMISTS
6d pkts. 1'3 & 3'4 glass tubes
Send 3½ in stamps to Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I.o.W. for copy of "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR"

COUPON FREE
GRESOLVENT FOR GRIME
The Original PASTE CLEANER FOR HANDS AND HOME
LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY
ALSO POWDER IN 7d. DRUMS
8d

PROTECT YOUR CHILD

FROM DEADLY DIPHTHERIA

Have your child immunised against this dreadful scourge which attacks 50,000 children yearly in Great Britain and causes between 2,000 and 3,000 deaths. Immunisation is a proved protection. It involves merely two or three SAFE and simple treatments which are available to you free through your Council Office, School or Welfare Centre. Don't delay—act at once.

LORD MORRISON says:—
"Immunisation is a proved preventive"

Issued by the Ministry of Health and the Central Council for Health Education.

DIPHTHERIA

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory

1 EASY TO USE
To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH
Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the past you don't see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL
Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration — it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

YOUR IRON may save his life

See the dent? Only *two pounds* of scrap iron was needed to make the steel helmet that saved his life. So salvage every scrap of 'scrap.' Every ounce counts. Give *your* IRON to save *his* life.

Issued by the Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence in regard to any difficulty you may have in obtaining IRON 'JELLOIDS' *which, for the time being, are available only in limited quantities of the 1/4 size. Price incl. Purchase Tax.*

SKIN HEALING
New DOUBLE ACTION ANTISEPTIC

Great advance of Science.

Bacteriologists have found that not one but *several* types of organisms are the cause of most skin troubles. That is why Valderma contains *two* antiseptics: This double antiseptic action gives a much wider range of bacteria-killing power. Tested in hospitals and laboratories, and *proved* fatal to germs — yet soothing — Valderma is prescribed by Skin Specialists for serious skin infections. Boils, Pimples, Rashes, "Athlete's Foot" and other skin complaints yield quickly to its curative properties. Being an *oil-in-water* emulsion, Valderma allows septic matter to pass away freely, and so prevents risk of reinfection. Excellent for cuts and abrasions, too. White and agreeable to use, Valderma doesn't stain — and heals many skin troubles in only a few days. Get a 2/- jar today.

VALDERMA
ANTISEPTIC BALM

BIGGEST BULLETS OFFER FOR YEARS!

FIRST CASH £200 ONE WEEK ONLY!

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/-

25 of 10/- 1,250 MERIT AWARDS

NOW comes a big moment in *Bullets* history. Up shoots *John Bull's* First Prize to the biggest sum for years—as much as £200 cash, all for just two, three or four well-chosen words!

If you have never yet tried your hand at making a *Bullet*, this Bumper One-week Offer is your signal to start. The simple instructions are given below, together with a specially enlarged coupon on which to enter your £200 *Bullets*.

New entrants, regular "Bulleteers," readers returning to *Bullets* this week for the first time since war began—you must all note this one point.

You have one week only to prepare your *Bullets* for this grand offer of prizes to a total value of well over £300. Only if your coupon below is posted not later than MONDAY, MARCH 13, can *John Bull's* £200 First Prize Joy Wire bring *you* the thrill of a life-time!

HOW TO WIN £200

Simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below—the result is a *Bullet* which can bring you that £200 prize.

For instance, to the recent *Example*, VICTORY'S IN SIGHT, BUT, a reader won a £100 First Prize by adding the simple but pointed comment, YOU CAN'T FREE-WHEEL UPHILL!

Further guidance on how to make a prize *Bullet* awaits you in the winning list on page 14.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE" BELOW

HITLER'S SUNSET
FOR POSTERITY
BETTER PLAN
SEEING THE LIGHT
MAN OF THE FUTURE
OUT FOR PEACE
IN THE COAL-FIELDS
DOESN'T WORK
CIVIL SERVANT
PUNCH ON THE NOSE
WEAK-KNEED POLICY
DONE WITHOUT
NEVER MIND IF
NOBODY EXPECTED
BE CAUTIOUS AND
GRANDPA'S PIPE

BALDERDASH
MARMADUKE, THE MULE
REST ASSURED
RADIO'S A BLESSING, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

CHANCE OF A.....
WHEN HUBBY TRIED.....
.....OF WAR
TICKLED THE .....
WHEN IN.....
LIKE A GOOD.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Mar. 25. IF INK RUNS, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—noted in blank margin below.

P.O. Value .....

No.....
"BULLETS" No. 1,417

Signed .....

Address.....
.....

LAST DAY TO POST ENTRY—MONDAY, MARCH 13

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,417—"JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid, and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces facilitate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated April 1, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

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...IT'S QUICKER, SMOOTHER, COOLER

Don't throw away your shaving brush merely to get a faster shave. Change to Colgate Brushless and enjoy the finest possible shave. You'll find nothing to touch it for softening up beards (even with cold water) — for smooth, cool shaving without sting or burn.
Just leave your face wet. Spread on a film of Colgate Brushless. Shave it off — like lightning!

1/6 & 2/6 *Including Tax*

"Is your journey necessary?"

Because you must walk more and new shoes cost coupons — make sure your repairer is giving you DRI-PED the guaranteed double wearing waterproof leather. To get more miles per sole is in the National interest. Look for the purple diamond trademark to be sure you are on the 'right thing'

DRI-PED LEATHER

Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed. Ask him to do his best.

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More Mullard Valves are now available in radio dealers' shops all over the country. Ask YOUR dealer — and you will probably find that he has got the valve you have been wanting.
If not, he should be able to advise you of an alternative type that is available and that will be suitable for your radio.
If you still have difficulty, please write to us, stating the name and address of your dealer and the types of valve you need.

MULLARD
THE MASTER VALVE

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE COMPANY LTD

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THE GREAT ATTACK will call for more 25-pounders than ever before. Getting them there is just one tiny bit of the colossal task that the Services will have in hand. The more trains and ships devoted to it, the less coal for our home fires, for the power stations, for the gas works. So we must use *less coal, less electricity, less gas!*

How are we to manage? By having only one fire, lighting it late, keeping it small with fire bricks; by turning off the gas or the electricity the very instant it's not needed. Never forget—we *must* save fuel for battle!

We must SAVE FUEL for Battle!

Issued by the Ministry of Fuel and Power

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Because many growing children in these days need supplementary supplies of the essential B vitamins, of which Yeast is the richest natural source, many medical authorities advocate giving them Yestamin either in tablet or powder form. Yestamin is pure dried yeast in pleasant, palatable form, and has an exceptionally high protein content. It is *entirely free from drugs* and can safely be given even to infants. It is widely recognised as a grand food tonic for body and nerves, of great benefit to all, irrespective of age. Try it yourself for a month (at a cost of only a penny a day) and see what a difference it will make to you.

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